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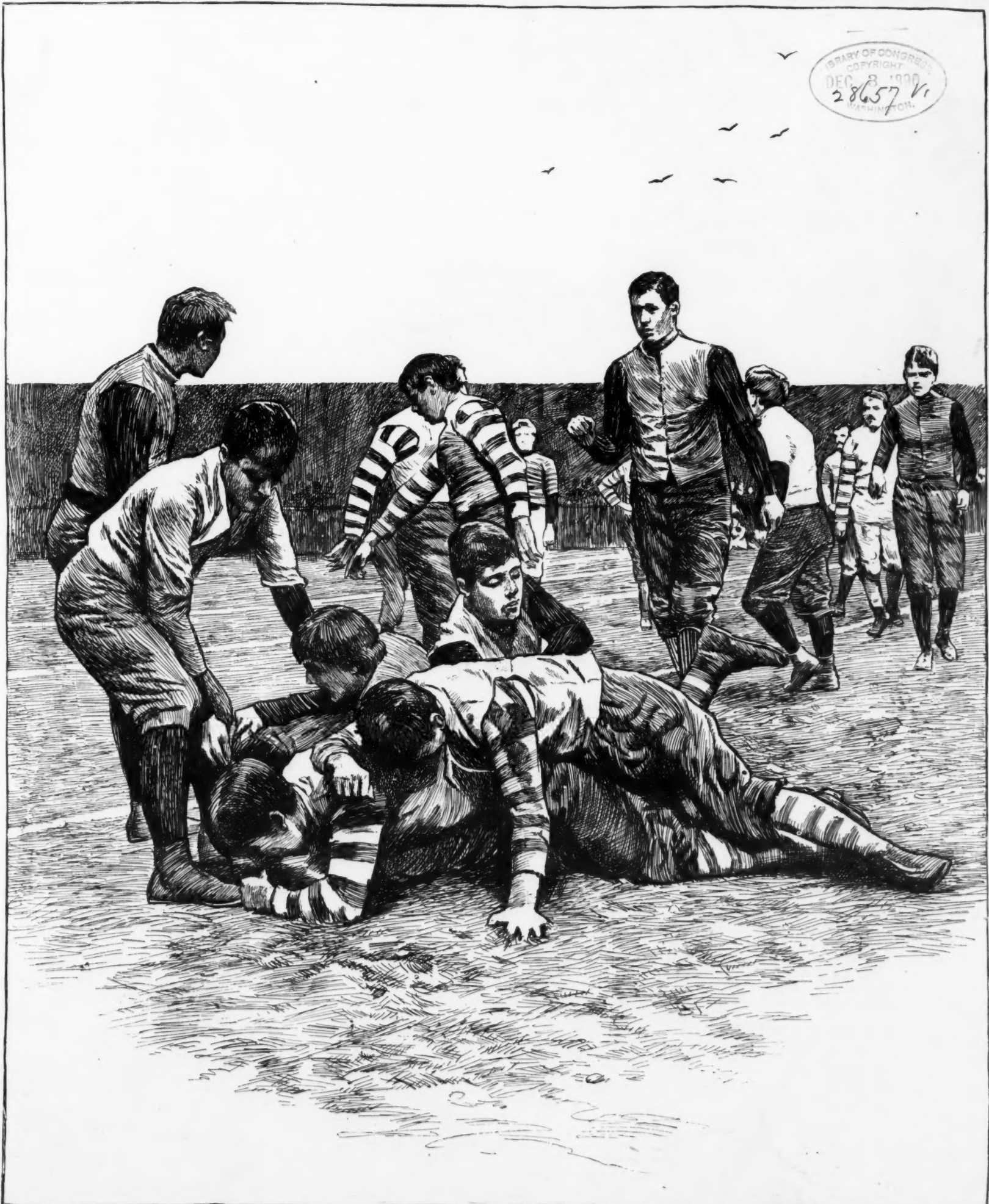
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE YALE-PRINCETON FOOT-BALL GAME.—PRINCETON LOSING THE BALL ON THE FOURTH DOWN.—FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTO.—[SEE PAGE 333.]

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

110 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

W. J. ARKELL.

RUSSELL B. HARRISON.

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 6, 1890.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.—At the request of a large number of amateur photographers throughout the country, who declare that they were greatly hampered in their effort to obtain suitable pictures for entry in our Amateur Photographic Contest by reason of the unpropitious weather, we have decided to extend the time for entering the competition until January 15th. The next contest will, therefore, close on that day instead of on the 1st of December. In order to deal fairly with those who have already entered, we shall afford them an opportunity to make other entries, if they so desire, and will relieve them from the obligation of attaching to their new entries the printed slip from the paper. This exemption is only extended, it must be understood, to those who have already competed and complied with all our requirements. We are glad to say that the interest in the competition is constantly increasing, and that it promises to be even more successful than the first one.

The following entries have been made in our Photographic Contest for the week ending November 24th, 1890:

J. D. C. Rumsey, Rochester, N. Y.; A. C. Brohm, 1601 Market Street, Denver, Col.; Gustav Voigt, 809 Seventh Street N.W., Washington, D. C.; John W. Dyer, 51 Alfred Street, Detroit, Mich.; C. B. Warren, Morton, Pa.; J. Pollard & Son, Tilsonburg, Ont.; A. B. Dodge, 430 East Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.; Walter D. Moses, 1005 Main Street, Richmond, Va.; Herbert R. Mann, Troy, N. Y.; A. W. Randall, Waltham, Mass.; W. C. Van Derlip, Jr., 15 Berwick Park, Boston, Mass.; J. Arthur Wainwright, Northampton, Mass.; Carl Rau, 1109 South Seventh Street, La Crosse, Wis.; Louis Finiels, Sound Beach, Conn.; Miss May E. Robinson, 46 West Tenth Street, New York City; William Chamberlain, Jr., Railway, N. J.; Charles H. Caldwell, Birmingham, Ala.; L. B. Hays, South Hill and Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.; J. C. Dexter, Ware, Mass.; H. J. Janson, Dover, Del.; Burdette Kipp, 39 West One Hundred and Twenty-first Street, New York City; Fred B. Snyder, 915 Sixth Street, S.E., Minneapolis, Minn.; J. Hugo Klaren, Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass.; W. Q. Fargo, 405 South Blackstone Street, Jackson, Mich.; Kenneth C. Hicks, Canandaigua, N. Y.; C. Ruppert, 37 Hughes Street, Zanesville, Ohio; William P. Trawin, 133 Wickliffe Street, Newark, N. J.; L. H. Rathmann, City Engineer's Office, Buffalo, N. Y.; Sarita Bowen, Lenoxville, P. Q., Canada; W. G. Starke, (professional), Zanesville, Ohio; M. L. R. Becker, 105 Halsey Street, Newark, N. J.; J. L. Thompson, 331 F Street, Portland, Oregon; Rev. William J. Tilley, Amherst, Mass.; George A. Mellen (professional), Manitou, Col.; S. Wood McClave, Edgewater, N. J.; Edward F. Ferdinand, Tremont, New York City; George H. Sergeant, Northampton, Mass.; J. W. Bartlett, M.D., 149 West Ninety-fourth Street, New York City; N. B. Wild, Valatie, N. Y.; R. Robinson, Missouri Valley, Iowa; J. W. Chickering, Deaf Mute College, Washington, D. C.; James Oglesby, M.D., Danville, Pa.; A. L. Eidemiller, 300 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.; Alvaro Adsit, Burlington, Vt.; T. C. Barnum (professional), Morrison, Ill.; M. B. Coddling, Morrison, Ill.; Dr. A. Winfred Bergen, Cornwall, N. Y.; J. H. Chalker, Mobile, Ala.; E. W. Newcomb, 256 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York City; W. C. Patterson, Jr., Jamestown, N. Y.; W. Phillips & Bro., 825 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Joseph Krenowitz, New Albany, Ind.; Mrs. May Stocking Knaggs, 813 Sheridan Street, Bay City, Mich.; F. F. Waechter, 811 Randolph Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Roy S. Knaggs, Bay City, Mich.; H. S. Deininger, York, Pa.; Herbert Cobb, Newton Centre, Mass.; William Worstell, West Liberty, Iowa; J. N. Burbank, New Bedford, Mass.; George F. Grant, 108 Charles Street, Boston, Mass.; Alfred Clements, 39 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; C. M. Van Orsdel, Orangeburg, S.C.; R. L. Stevens, 1100 West Main Street, Louisville, Ky.; A. B. Phelan, Flower Building, Watertown, N. Y.; Charles S. Webster, Portland, Me.; L. P. Hall, Joliet, Ill.; Walter Rogers, Hope Valley, R. I.

The chief editorial feature of next week's issue of this paper will be the contribution of Mr. Erastus Wiman, in which he ably and skillfully opposes the assumption by the Government of the control of telegraph lines. It is one of the best of Mr. Wiman's many and varied contributions to current literature.

WHY A SOUTHERN DEMOCRAT FAVORS PROTECTION.

IN that wonderful war museum, the old "Libby Prison," at Chicago, its enterprising proprietors have gathered many thousands of interesting relics of the great Civil War. Of these relics of that "woeful period" none possess more interest for me than do the specimens of Confederate manufacturing. One who did not know better might very naturally suppose that these articles, if not the works of the mound-builders, were certainly the products of an age very remote from the present.

It is difficult to realize that only a quarter of a century ago eleven States of this Union were so backward in the manufacturing arts that they could do no better than these crude articles indicate.

It may be said, in explanation of this fact, and said truly, that the people of these eleven States were following pursuits and industries which were more profitable to them than manufacturing would have been. That they could raise cotton, tobacco, and other crops, wherewith they could purchase from foreign countries, or remote portions of their own country, all manner of manufactured goods much cheaper than they could possibly manufacture them.

How eloquent, indeed, were these rude specimens of the courageous determination of the Southern people! They tell a story of a people who, though used to luxuries for generations past, yet when their pride and patriotism were appealed to,

could dispense with luxuries and use these crude articles, which but barely sufficed for the purposes for which they were intended.

They are also eloquent of the folly and short-sightedness of a people who, as I have said above, were led into the error of depending upon foreign nations, or upon remote portions of their own country, for the manufacture of almost every needful article.

I shall ever feel the force with which this lesson was impressed upon my mind, and no amount of sophistry can ever do away with the effect of that clear demonstration.

I feel that we are appealed to by every principle of good statesmanship, as well as by the highest order of patriotism, to make ourselves absolutely independent of foreign nations for all things which may be necessary to our comfort as well as our pleasure. As a patriot, I feel that it is my duty to make such sacrifices as are needful to place our country in the position of absolute independence.

It is certainly the highest order of patriotism, as well as of statesmanship, which suggests the fostering of our manufacturing interests to that extent which will make it profitable to those of our own citizens who embark in such enterprises.

In this "government of the people" are we to be so false to ourselves and the future destiny of our country as to allow the cheap labor of Europe to crush our comparatively infant industries?

In some branches of production it may be that our manufacturers might successfully compete in the open markets of the world with those of any country, but are we on that account to change the policy which brought about this desirable result? On the contrary, I contend that it is the course of wisdom and true statesmanship to persevere in this course until in everything we are independent of foreign nations.

The lesson of the past, it does seem to me, should be quite sufficient to convince the people of the South of the folly of the course hitherto pursued by them. Abounding in everything which tends to make the manufacturing of iron easy and cheap, they were compelled to despoil their churches of their bells for metal with which to make cannon. I have seen a little church in Alabama thus deprived of its bell for the purposes indicated, when within reach of the sound of that bell there lay enough iron to make cannon for all the armies of the world.

Never can I forget the sufferings and privations of my people during the long years when our ports were blockaded. Compelled to depend upon ourselves thus suddenly, it was almost like going back to the Stone Age, so far as manufactures were concerned.

Now, I love my whole country, from Maine to Mexico, with the same love I felt then and feel now for the South, and this feeling prompts the wish to see the United States independent of, as well as ahead of, every nation on the earth.

To throw open our ports to the nations of the world and invite them to a free competition with our manufacturers would perhaps give us cheaper goods for a while, but would in the end make us wholly dependent upon them for our every need. We might supply them with meats, bread-stuffs, and crude materials for them to manufacture for our own use, but they would name the terms of the barter. Every year, as it passed, would make the contest more unequal, and ourselves more dependent, until in the event of a war with any Power which could blockade our ports, we would see the sad lesson of history which pertains to the South repeated in the condition of our whole country.

But I cannot believe that such folly will ever obtain, and God forbid that it should!

A. D. Robbins,

VICKSBURG, MISS.

DR. KOCH'S DISCOVERY.

THE progress of medical discovery during the past few years has been remarkably rapid, particularly in the line of the treatment of what are sometimes called blood diseases, or blood poisoning. A number of the most gifted medical minds have, of late years, paid particular attention to bacteriological research, and it is in this line of discovery that Dr. Koch, an eminent physician of Berlin, has achieved his recent signal success.

A widespread and false impression prevails that Dr. Koch's method of injecting his secretly-prepared lymph into the body of those suffering from consumption will cure that disease. This is entirely a misapprehension. Dr. Koch does not claim any such result. He simply has found, after careful and extended investigation, that tuberculosis is a germ disease, or a disease proceeding from germs or bacteria, generally called bacilli, in the human blood. This disease, in its early stages, is amenable to medical treatment, and those who are susceptible to it can ward off the disease by following medical advice. Dr. Koch claims for his lymph simply the power of quickly and permanently destroying the germs in the diseased blood, thus effecting a more speedy cure in curable cases than could be had by the treatment heretofore pursued.

Furthermore, he finds value in the use of his discovery as a means of diagnosis to ascertain whether the patient really suffers from tuberculosis. Very wisely, he at first has kept the secret of the preparation of his lymph to himself and the assistants who act under his immediate supervision. Had he made it public, practiced as well as inexperienced physicians would have begun to prepare and use the compound with the same recklessness and indifference with which Dr. Brown-Sequard's "elixir of life" was applied by ambitious practitioners and a host of quacks, not long since. Several lives were sacrificed by the experiments with this discovery, and this fact, more than anything else, brought the remedy into disrepute. After sufficient experience with the lymph, and after its value has been thoroughly demonstrated, Professor Koch proposes to make its composition public for the use of the medical fraternity. By that time, no doubt, the excitement over it and the extravagant notions as to its effect will have abated, and there will be less danger of its becoming an instrument for evil rather than for good.

Dr. Koch's discovery is of the greatest value because it is in the line of development. There are many who believe that all

diseases of the blood, including typhoid fever, scarlet fever, cancer, diphtheria, as well as consumption, are due to the presence in the blood of germs that fatally impair its vitality. Some of the most advanced thinkers in medicine believe that the time will come (and Dr. Koch's discovery gives support to the theory) when medicine will be chiefly administered by sub-cutaneous injection directly into the system, so as to destroy the destructive bacilli effectively and speedily. Thousands of experiments have been made in this direction. Dr. Koch has, after infinite labor, experiment, and research, been successful in one line, and it is fair to say that his success will inspire renewed energy on the part of those who are seeking for the germ of cancer, diphtheria, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, and other dreaded diseases.

The proprietors of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, realizing the vast importance of Dr. Koch's discovery, and the profound interest of the American people in its development and application, have selected, with the aid of Dr. Shrady, a distinguished American physician of this city, a suitable consumption patient from one of the city hospitals, and have sent him to Germany to receive treatment at the hands of Dr. Koch. This eminent German physician, in answer to a cablegram asking him to take care of an American patient, has promptly and generously tendered his services. It is the purpose of this paper to have a careful, full, and precise narrative of the patient's treatment, his condition and progress, printed as promptly as possible, so that the American public (and particularly those who suffer from tuberculosis) shall have reliable testimony regarding the method and the efficacy of the new treatment.

SPEAKING TO THE POINT.

IT is to the credit of so eminent an American as the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, that he had the courage to defend, at a public banquet of business and commercial men of this city, the policy of subsidizing the American merchant marine.

At the recent Chamber of Commerce banquet Mr. Depew made the ablest and most eloquent of many notable responses to toasts. He dwelt with special fervor and intense earnestness upon the question of reciprocity, and pointed out to the hundreds of importers, shippers, bankers, and merchants, of this city and Brooklyn, who sat about him, that the cry of "subsidy" raised against every measure introduced into Congress for the benefit of our merchant marine was as senseless as it was foolish, and as foolish as it was contemptible. He declared that:

"The conditions of our trade with South America are a stigma upon us as a commercial nation. We buy from South America \$112,000,000 worth of goods a year more than we sell to them. This is paid in cash through London, and the English banker collects from us over a million dollars in commissions for the transaction of the business. It is easy to imagine the incalculable advantages which our farmers, merchants, manufacturers, and railroads would derive from reciprocal purchases from us, if only to the extent of this \$112,000,000 a year. Imports to the value of \$233,000,000 were sold into two of the South American Republics in 1888. Our farms and factories could have supplied every article which entered those ports, but of this vast sum, the United States only received \$13,000,000. The rest went to England, Germany, and France. Of the \$742,000,000 worth of exports from the United States in 1888, only \$69,000,000 went to the whole of Spanish America."

Continuing, Mr. Depew called attention to the fact that the time for opposition to subsidies had passed; that no matter how justifiable this cry might have been in other days, new conditions had arisen since the Dark Ages of American politics, when the whole country west of the Missouri River was called "The Great American Wilderness," and when we knew little or nothing about Mexico and the South American Republics. He favored an international railway system, constructed under the most liberal and intelligent government assistance, and connecting the North and South American States, a common coinage for use among all the American Republics, and he added this statement: "Inquiry has developed that the tariff and customs regulations of the United States are already so liberal to the products of South America that what we most need to develop an increasing and prosperous trade is quick and cheap communication by land and sea."

Mr. Depew gave facts and figures to show the poverty of the American merchant marine, and the small percentage of the business of South American ports carried in vessels sailing from the United States. He said that England, France, and Germany had secured the trade of these republics by subsidizing their steamship lines, "while we have been, kept from these markets, which would enrich our farmers and enormously increase the prosperity of our manufacturers by adhering to certain principles of political economy."

The ringing words of Mr. Depew were heard by listening ears. They were delivered at the greatest commercial centre of the United States. They were spoken at a time when the denunciation of subsidies has become the stock in trade of demagogues. If other able business men would speak with equal freedom, regardless of the criticisms of the political press, Congress, at the approaching winter session, would be spurred up to the performance of its manifold duties, first among which is the passage of what are known as the "Shipping Bills."

This is no time to call a halt in the fulfillment of the promises of the Republican party. It is pledged to the development of our manufactures at home and to the extension of our trade abroad. Let it meet the issue now, as manfully as it has met every issue in the past, and trust the calm, good judgment of the people to decide whether or not it has acted wisely.

THE LATE MR. GOODWIN.

THE newspapers, speaking of the recent death by accident of Mr. James S. Goodwin, alluded to him as a cartoonist. He was neither a cartoonist nor an artist, though he was beyond question a most valuable aid to both, so far as their work on the publications of America was concerned. Mr. Goodwin was only thirty-eight years old. He occupied a unique place in humorous literature. By trade a skillful engraver, and subsequently an architect, he drifted almost unconsciously (when he was drifting aimlessly) into the business of making rough sketches of the humorous side of life. The first of these which he offered for sale was accepted by Mr. B. Gillam, the head of the art department of *Judge*, and the modest-appearing and not too well-dressed applicant for favor was given desk-room. He at once

displayed the most marvelous ability for turning out what are known as "black-and-white sketches," and for these he received two or three dollars apiece, and speedily found himself elevated from poverty to the enjoyment of an income exceeding eight thousand dollars per annum.

The question has often been asked by the interested reader of *Judge* and other humorous publications, "How is it possible to obtain these funny sketches week by week and year after year?" During Mr. Goodwin's life that question could have been answered by the single word, "Goodwin." He it was who furnished two-thirds of this class of work in the three or four humorous weekly American papers, and it was all done apparently without effort. Sitting at his desk, smiling pleasantly, apparently without occupation, he was constantly making little rude sketches and fitting some bright caption to them. The choice of these was first offered to *Judge*, and what was left went the rounds of the other humorous papers. There was plenty for them all. Mr. Goodwin's modest deportment, his even temperament, his kindness which amounted to affection for all who were brought into contact with him, endeared him to a small but devoted circle of friends. His untimely death gave them a shock, and left a vacant place in the ranks of humorous journalism that it will be exceedingly difficult to fill.

OUR QUERY ANSWERED.

ST. LOUIS, MO., November 15th, 1890.

"EDITORS FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER: In your issue of this date, under heading 'Tariff Questions,' you ask: 'Why European manufacturers can purchase our cotton and pay all expenses of transportation to and from Europe, manufacture there, pay a tariff of nearly fifty per cent., and still undersell American manufacturers of same in the United States?' There can only be one answer—*Cheap Labor*."

"If you will turn to the *North American Review* for July, 1890, page 60, you will find a table giving the wages paid in Great Britain and the United States to railway employes. You will observe that this country pays these employes twice as much as free-trade Great Britain, and in the case of railway engineers two-thirds more.

"This proportion of difference in the case of railway employes pervades all the avenues of mechanical, agricultural, and manufacturing employment, England paying an average of fifty per cent. less than this country.

"As, in the manufacture of cotton goods labor plays the chief part, the raw material comparatively costing but little, it becomes self-evident to almost the dullest comprehension that those countries that pay fifty per cent. less for labor can afford to undersell our manufacturers here when the tariff on import is only—'nearly fifty per cent.'"

"The trouble seems to be that our 'free-trade' friends in this country must consent to have their wages cut to fifty per cent. less than they are receiving now, or we must raise the tariff on imported cotton goods to quite fifty per cent., and thus equalize matters. 'In totidem verbis'—cheap labor answers your question."

Yours truly, ROBERT BRONSEN.

Our St. Louis reader has hit the nail directly on the head, and emphasizes the very fact to which this paper has repeatedly called attention. We doubt if any advocate of free trade in the United States will for a moment deny that the adoption of free trade by this country would inevitably result in the diminution of wages to the level of the scale paid in foreign countries. It does not need a very acute mind to reason out as much as this. If two countries compete in a manufacturing business, one of which pays lower wages than the other, the one thus favored certainly will be able to produce cheaper goods than its competitor, will undersell it, and thereby secure and hold the market.

The argument of the free-trader is this: That he has the right to buy where he can buy the cheapest; that the question of wages is not one which he is called upon to consider; that he is concerned only in obtaining the lowest-priced goods; that if free-trade leads to a reduction of wages, it will also reduce prices of domestic commodities, and that the wage-earner must take his chances any way. The free-trader does not stop to calculate that if the rate of wages in the United States is reduced to the level of wages in Germany, in France, and in England, the great mass of our people will be no more than self-supporting—they will have nothing to spend beyond that required for the necessities of existence, and these must be of the commonest and cheapest kind.

It is easy to perceive that, with such a condition of affairs, business interests generally would naturally suffer. If the workingman lives from hand to mouth, the shop-keeper will lose his best customers; trade will languish, industries will gradually cease to exist, and the tendency of the industrial masses will be to turn to agriculture for relief. Thus the farmer would find, in the ultimate analysis of the matter, increased competition, as well as a reduction in the price of his products. Here in the United States we should have precisely the same condition of affairs that exists in every land which largely depends upon agriculture for the sustenance and maintenance of its people. There is a good deal of common sense in the assertion that "the cheap coat makes the cheap man," and the workingmen of the United States appreciate that fact in the light of an every-day experience that few of the velvet-handed free-traders have ever had or will ever seek.

MR. PARNELL'S FUTURE.

THERE seems to be some question, after all, about Mr. Parnell's future. After the disgraceful revelations regarding his private life that have recently been made, we had imagined that there was but one thing for him and Mrs. O'Shea to do, namely, to hire a good advertising manager and go upon the New York stage. It seems, however, that Mr. Parnell proposes to continue his leadership of the Nationalist party, instead of following, as he should, into privacy Sir Charles Dilke.

Those who have watched Mr. Parnell's course and have noted his many eccentricities, his lack of warm-heartedness and his brutality at times to his associates, have wondered at the power he wielded. Mr. Harold Frederic, the able London correspondent of the *New York Times*, who for years has had special opportunities for observing the workings of the Irish Nationalist movement, in a recent interview in the *Utica Observer*, tells some plain and unpleasant truths regarding Mr. Parnell. He speaks of the loyalty of the Irish members after they took their iron-clad oath to follow Mr. Parnell, despite the fact that for months at a time he would absent himself from the House, refusing even to give an address or enter into communication with his lieutenants, when they and their opponents all knew that he was off at Eltham or Brighton with Mrs. O'Shea. Mr. Frederic warmly

commends the Nationalist members for their faithfulness to Mr. Parnell under the most trying and wearying conditions. Mr. Parnell was rarely at pains to conceal his contempt for the rank and file of his party, and was even cavalier in his demeanor toward his chief lieutenants. "Worse than that," adds Mr. Frederic, "he used his position to punish any man in the party whom he suspected of resenting his relations with Mrs. O'Shea." He did so notably in 1886, when he insisted upon having O'Shea elected to Parliament, which was considered by his associates simply as a reward to a husband for a shameful complaisance and scandalous intrigue. Mr. Frederic charges that Mr. Parnell was more responsible for Joseph Briggan's death than anything or any one else, by reason of his constant political and personal persecution.

It is remarkable, in the light of these statements, that the Irish party continues to accept Mr. Parnell's leadership. It would be better for the cause of Home Rule, as well as for public and private morality, if Mr. Parnell were relegated to the rear, and some such man as John Dillon or Thomas Saxton put in his place, with Mr. Gladstone still as the recognized head of the Home Rule party.

HILL OR CLEVELAND?

THE contest between Hill and Cleveland for recognition at the next Democratic National Convention waxes warm. Cleveland's partisans foresee that the growing strength of Governor Hill is ruinous to their candidate's popularity and success, and are seeking interviews with public men who are willing to put themselves on record as believers in Cleveland as the Democrat of destiny. Congressman Springer, of Illinois, in a recent interview, declared that sufficient Democrats would be instructed for Mr. Cleveland to nominate him before the New York convention for the appointment of delegates could be held. Mr. Springer is the first Democrat of prominence that has ever intimated that in political management Mr. Cleveland could get ahead of Governor Hill in this State. We doubt if many delegates will be named to the next Democratic National Convention ahead of those from New York.

Ex-Governor McEnery, of Louisiana, is another believer in Cleveland as the sole hope of the Democracy, and he thinks he will be nominated at the convention before the delegates from New York are called upon to vote. As if the convention had nothing else to do but meet and ballot! Every one knows that, ordinarily, a session of a day or two is held before the balloting is commenced; the platform is drafted and various other business is transacted. Do Cleveland's friends think that the New York delegation, solid as it will be for Governor Hill, will lose any time in making an impression on the delegates from other States?

Interstate Commerce Commissioner Morrison is evidently opposed to the nomination of Mr. Cleveland a third time. He wants an out-and-out tariff reformer to head the ticket, and, shrewd politician as he is, he adds that "no man will be nominated by the Democratic party who cannot bring his own State delegation to the convention." Other prominent politicians share Colonel Morrison's views. Some of them go a great deal further. The most significant expression revealing the gradual and growing change on the part of the South in its disposition toward Governor Hill is to be found in recent interviews with Senator Barbour, of Virginia, and with the Hon. N. W. Finlay, Chairman of the Texas Democratic State Committee. Senator Barbour, like Governor Hill, is bitterly opposed to the mugwumps, and says, "Mr. Cleveland's pronounced opposition to the silver men and to the whole policy of the Farmers' Alliance would deprive the Democratic party of the assistance of both these powerful organizations, if he were at its head." Mr. Finlay comes from a State that has, up to a recent date, been absolutely iron-clad for Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Finlay, in the interview printed in the *St. Louis Republic*, says, "Mr. Cleveland is very strong in Texas, and I believe that if the expression should be taken now that a large majority of the party would favor his nomination; but a great many prominent Democrats in the State regard Governor Hill as being the most available man, and it is not improbable that this sentiment will greatly increase by the time the convention comes on."

This is one of the frankest expressions of Southern Democratic opinion that has ever been printed. It shows that this paper was right in stating, not long since, that while the sentiment of the Democracy in the South is for Cleveland, sentiment will be sacrificed to availability in 1892, as it has been ever since the war; notably, when such an avowed abolitionist and protectionist as Horace Greeley was endorsed simply because it was hoped that he might carry New York, with a possibility of Democratic success. From the date of the late campaign, when the Democracy achieved one of its greatest successes in this State, Governor Hill's popularity began visibly to grow, and Mr. Cleveland's to wane.

The next "man of destiny" the Democracy will trot out will be David B. Hill.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

SOME criticisms have been passed upon the section of the new Tariff law that requires foreign manufacturers to label imported articles in English words, to indicate the country of their origin. Do the free-trade critics of this measure know that the English Government compels the exporters of American wares to label them as American goods? Such is the fact.

If the Farmers' Alliance proposes to win its way to public approval, it must concede that its candidates shall have some other qualification than membership in the Alliance. In one of the judicial districts of Kansas, a Farmers' Alliance candidate who has been elected as a judge never pleaded a cause or practiced law a day in his life. Every thoughtful man will acknowledge that this is a shameful condition of affairs. It will go hard with the people when places on the Bench are simply made the spoils of office.

A READER of this paper, residing in Waxahachie, Tex., says: "We are well pleased with the write-up you gave us in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and the State press have been very liberal in the praise of your work in Texas. We have had nothing in the way of a close money market here. Our banks are filled, and the present cotton crop, which is very large, is being moved with ease. The prospects of Texas were never

brighter: we are getting people from everywhere, and money from home and abroad." It is a pleasure to know that the visit of the LESLIE party to Texas has been so satisfactory to the people of that State, and still more pleasant to know that it is already productive of much good to its business interests. It is certain that no previous publication of the character ever was more just to its people, or ever had as wide and general circulation as our Texas edition.

THE last National Convention of Republicans indorsed the penny postage movement, and this Administration is, therefore, partly pledged to it. It would be popular and wise. Its benefit would be felt everywhere by the masses, as well as by the professional and business interest. The reduction of the postage from three to two cents was one of the most popular acts of the Federal Government. Canada has at last tardily followed by making the same reduction. It is time to lead off again. Let us have a one-cent-postage bill passed at the coming session.

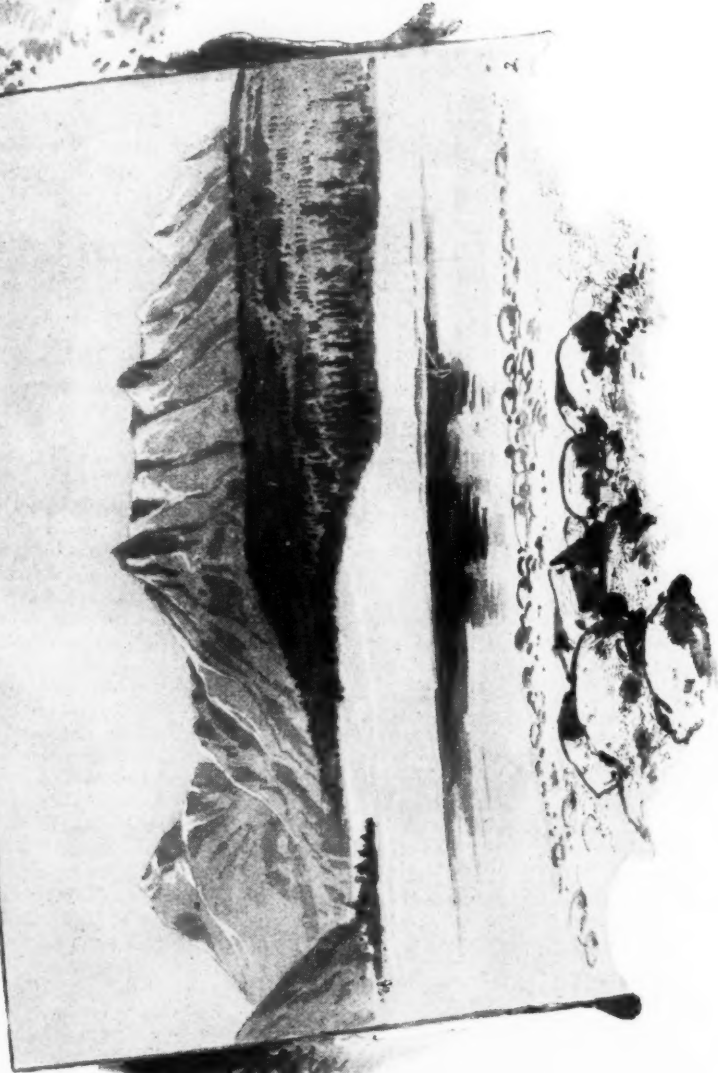
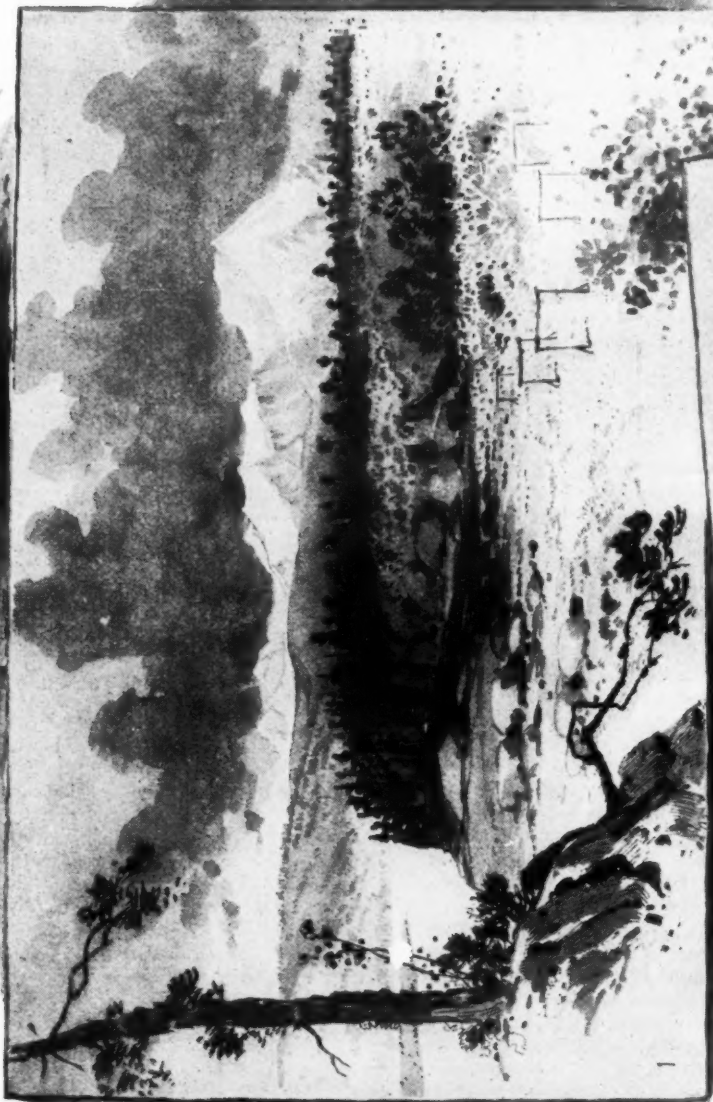
CANADA is trying to recoup itself for a vast loss of trade by reason of the McKinley bill by establishing closer trade relations with the West Indies, and has sent its Minister of Finance to look over the ground and see what can be done. At the approaching session of Congress the pending bills to aid the American merchant marine by subsidies should receive prompt consideration. Among the first lines to be strengthened should be those leading to the West Indies and the Central and South American states. The Steamship Subsidy bills will open up magnificent markets near at hand. Let us open them before Canada drives its entering wedge.

THE scheme of General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, for the social regeneration of London is receiving a great deal of attention, and a number of important subscriptions in aid of the fund of five millions of dollars have already been made. One of the most curious of these is a gift of five hundred dollars by the Marquis of Queensbury, who promises in addition a yearly contribution to the cause. He frankly states that he is opposed to Christianity, which, he says, has failed to help the poor, and that his gift is that of a "reverent agnostic." He believes that the work of General Booth is the best that a man can lay his hand to. There is no doubt that the Salvation Army leader has hit upon the proper method for reaching the slums of London and sweetening the otherwise sour and wretched life of the lower orders of the population.

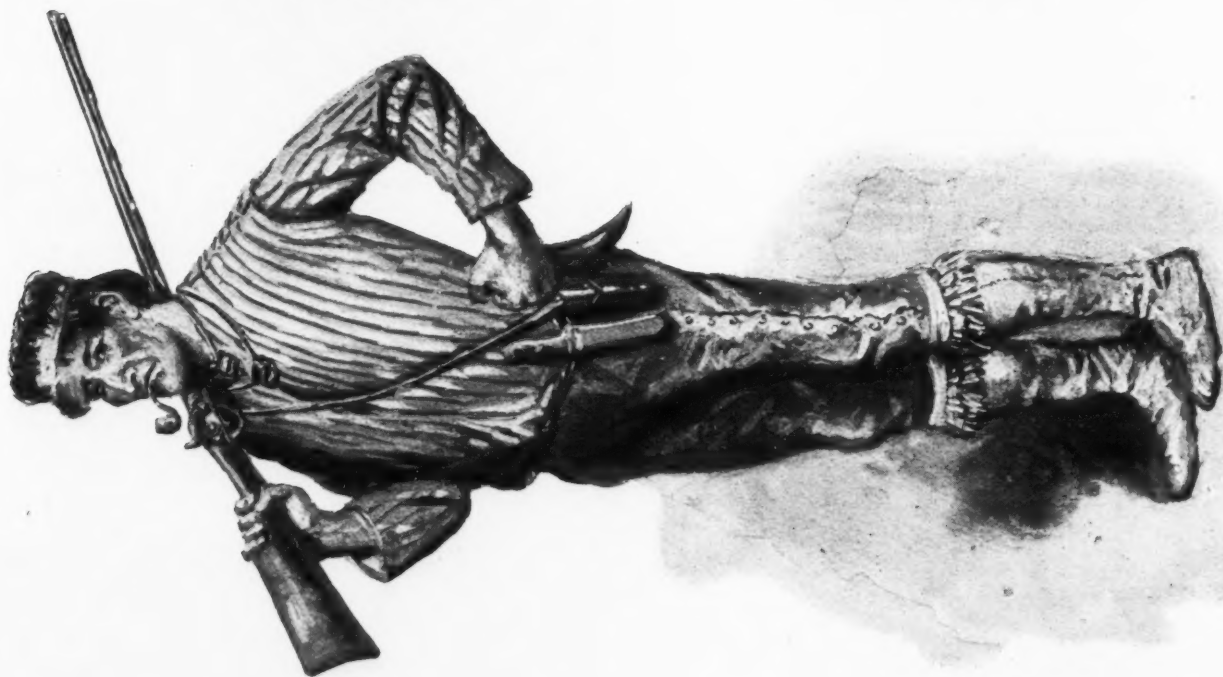
THOUGHTFUL writers, both in the past and present, have been led to the conclusion that the red men, the aborigines of the United States, were the real descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. It is possibly an indirect confirmation of this theory that some of the remnant of our native Indians in the far West have recently fallen under great excitement by reason of the visitation of a stranger, who was welcomed as "The Messiah," or "Christ." This new Messiah is said to be an intelligent but uneducated Indian, who preaches a gospel of good-will, but accompanies it with a promise that the Indians shall have their land again, and be supreme over the white man. This sort of talk to ignorant savages has had the effect, naturally, of exciting them to demonstrations of violence toward the whites. False Messiahs have not infrequently been welcomed by white people, but an Indian Messiah is a new thing. Is it possible that the lost tribes of Israel, as represented in the blood of the American savages, now seek the missing Master?

THE annual report of Secretary Rusk declares that it is evident that the economic legislation of the last session of Congress has truly benefited the farmers and improved the value of cereals, and at the same time lessened the influence of Russian and Indian competition with our wheat growers in British markets. He says that our increased export trade in cattle and animal products can be traced to the effective measures adopted for their protection, and the provisions for retaliatory legislation against countries that seek to restrict our trade. All of this is true, and as the farmers of the United States come to understand the fact that the McKinley bill was the first ever passed in this country that had a purely agricultural schedule, intended for their particular benefit, there will be a strong and permanent revulsion of feeling on their part in regard to that measure. The condition of the American farmer is bound to improve from year to year. The growth of our population, the rapid absorption of public lands, and the narrowing of opportunities for developing new agricultural areas, all portend an increase in the value of farm products and of farms themselves. We believe that the American farmer has passed through the worst period of depression that he will ever experience. Better days are in store for him and for his children, but not unless he sees to it that the protection of his wool, his dairy, and all of his farm products is justly and discreetly maintained.

THE magnitude of the operations of the United States Treasury are scarcely comprehended by the American people. A glimpse at the annual report of Treasurer Huston shows that the net ordinary revenues of the Government amounted, during the last fiscal year, ended June 30th, to the enormous aggregate of \$403,000,000, a sum but twice exceeded in the history of the Government. The ordinary expenditures of the Government were over \$297,000,000, or nearly \$1,000,000 for every secular day in the year. The Post-Office Department alone required an expenditure of \$67,000,000, and the transactions for which the Treasury was responsible during the entire year footed up to the fabulous amount of \$1,321,000,000. This year, for the first time since the close of the war, the debt, less cash in the Treasury, shrank below the billion dollar line. At the close of June last it amounted to a little more than \$964,000,000. Treasurer Huston states his conviction that the salaries paid to the officers of the United States Treasury are utterly inadequate considering the duties performed. He shows that they have been less than those paid in well-managed private institutions, or even at the Sub-treasury in New York, and much less than those paid in the Bank of England. Considering the great responsibility that rests upon the officers of the Treasury, and the vast sums of money placed in their charge, it would seem as if the Treasurer and his associates should receive more liberal compensation.



1. RANGE OF HIGH, SNOW-BURIED ARKELL MOUNTAINS. 2. PARMINTER MOUNTAINS, NEAR ALSECK RIVER. THE "FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER" EXPEDITION TO ALASKA.—SKETCHES OF SCENES AND CHARACTERS IN THE ALSECK RIVER REGION.—FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF E. J. GLAVE.—[SEE PAGE 332.]



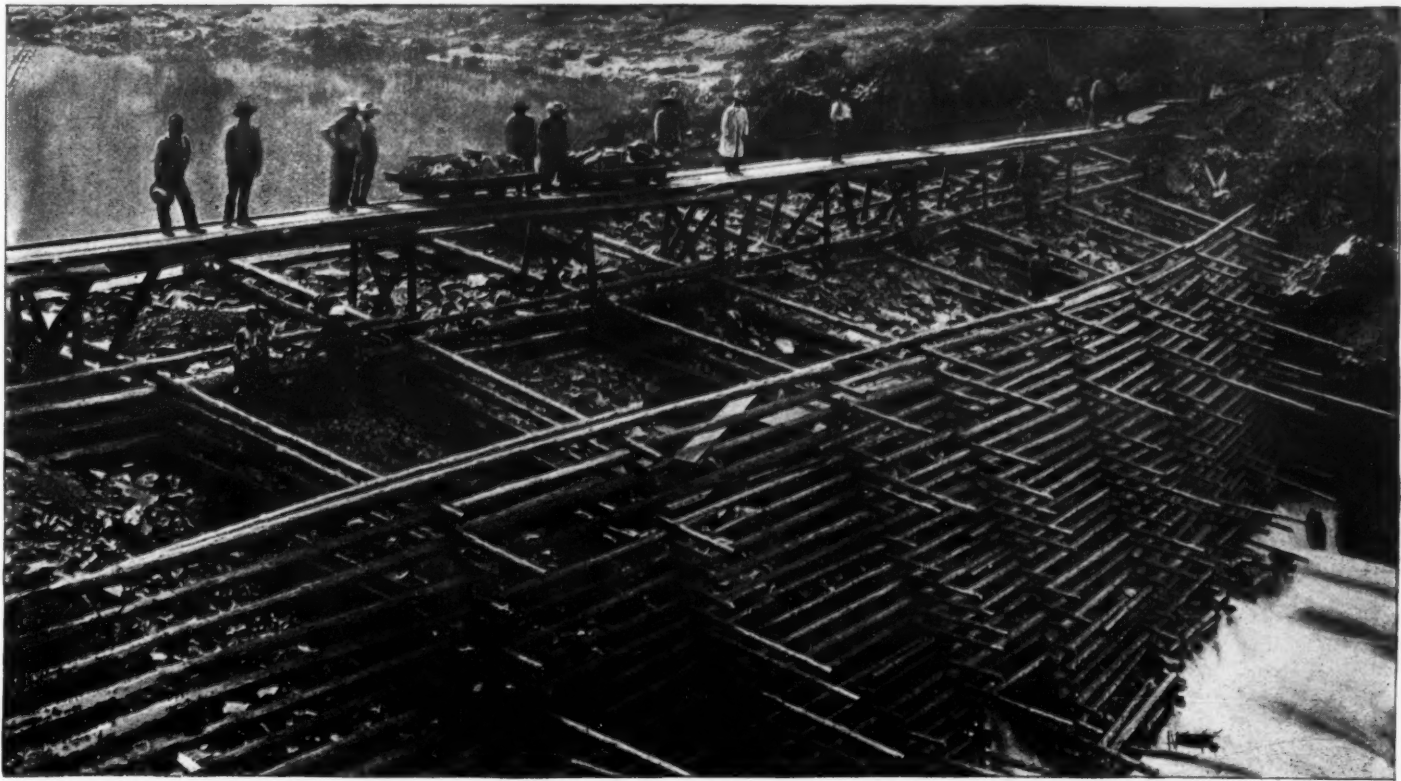
GUNENA INDIAN HUNTER.



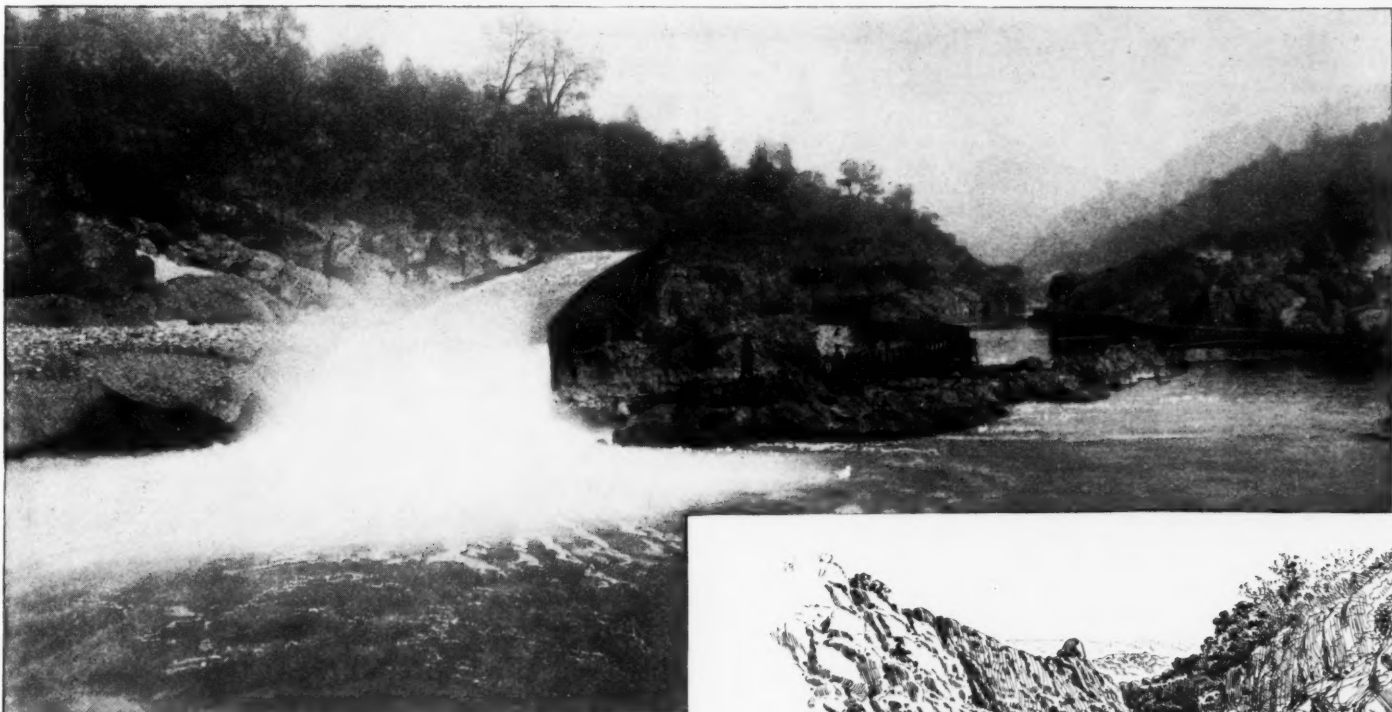
ISA, WIFE OF WAR SAINÉ.



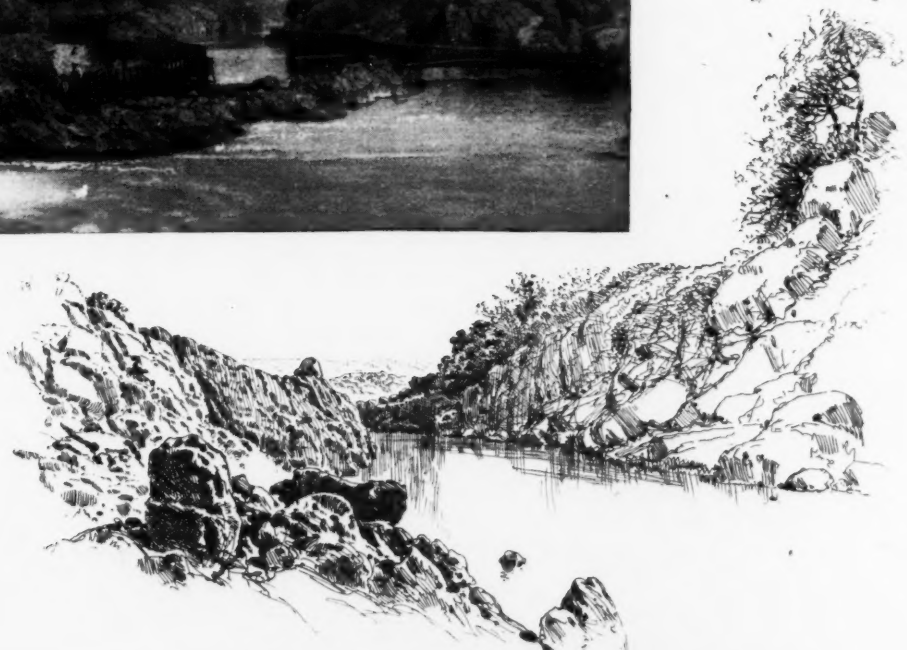
WAR SAINÉ, CHIEF OF STICK TRIBE.



HEAD DAM, SHOWING PLAN OF CONSTRUCTION.



RIVER EMPTYING THROUGH MAIN FLUME.



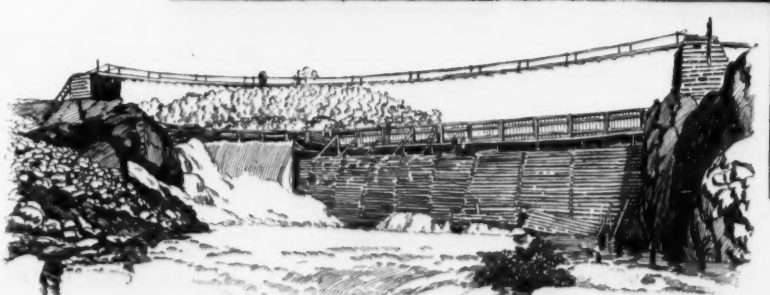
IN THE GORGE, SHOWING CHARACTER OF BANKS.



HEAD DAM AND SUSPENSION BRIDGE.



HEAD DAM, SHOWING WASTE-WAY CLOSED.



CALIFORNIA.—A GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT—TURNING THE FEATHER RIVER FROM ITS BED AND UNCOVERING RICH DEPOSITS OF GOLD.
[SEE PAGE 336]

AT SUNSET.

WE sat upon the tall peak's crest—
The clouds across the sun and me—
And silent watched the smould'ring west
For forecast of the day to be.

The dusk stole by the blindfold sun;
The ashen skies held out no grace
That light and love might yet be won—
Nor the cold heaven of her face.

And then a swift, soft flush there came
Athwart the sable of the sky;
A young star woke—and lo! heaven's flame
And star were in her cheek and eye!

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

MY PRIZE PICTURE.

BY JUDITH SPENCER.



WAS young and susceptible, and I was also an enthusiastic amateur photographer.

My dark-room was the envy of all my friends, and my work had received the club prizes for artistic merit more than once. However, as they were nothing more than printed slips of paper, these prizes were mere empty honors.

But now I had decided to enter a competition that was worthy of the name, and where the first prize—which I felt sure that I could win—was a check of dazzling dimensions to a youth whose modest income was drawn alarmingly low by the constant sacrifices demanded by the all-devouring camera god, which I had set up in the place of lares and penates.

This summer I had had no holiday at all, for two days before I was to start for Lenox—where on the last of June I was to have been best man to my old chum Fred—I was laid on my back, fast in the clutches of pneumonia; and though more than two months had passed since then, I was only just out of the doctor's hands. I still felt shaky, and acquaintances were continually stopping me in the street to tell me how badly I looked.

It was now the middle of September, and just the time for a flying trip in search of the picturesque, so I laid in a good supply of rapid plates, packed my traps, and started off to find my prize picture.

It proved a pleasant jaunt, and I changed my plans to suit those of the friends I often fell in with on the way; for although my camera was company enough in pleasant weather, it was not disagreeable to have friends to talk to on cloudy days, or a pretty girl to dance and flirt with during the long evenings.

I took many a delightful tramp o'er hill and dale in search of the prize picture which I was sure that I should come across some day. I have always leaned toward a belief in fate, and "Kismet" is the motto engraved upon my seal.

Several dozen of my rapid Cramers had been used already, and I was well pleased with my collection of river views and mountains, cattle pictures, and old farm-houses with quaint interiors—to be developed when I should return to town.

One bright morning, when I was far up in the valley of the Naugatuck, I wandered into fairyland by chance. I had left the high road and struck through the woods, not knowing whither the path would lead me, and at last I came out upon a level tract between the hilly woodland and the river, which was fringed with fine old trees.

A dazzling mass of bloom was spread before me, clumps of feathery-white blossoms and plumes of vivid golden-rod were nodding in the breeze, and under foot the ground was carpeted with every shade of aster—from richest purple to most delicate tints of lilac and of rose. In this secluded spot Dame Nature had strewn her treasures with a lavish hand.

No photograph could catch all its elusive beauty, yet I wanted one for a souvenir, and I proceeded to set up my camera. It made a charming bit upon the ground glass, with the level flowery foreground and the old knarled oak in the middle distance, while beneath its widespread branches the rippling river showed its rare lights and shadows. It struck me as just the setting for a picture of some fair maiden; but alas, where could I find her in this solitude?

I buried my head under the dark cloth, intent upon the focus; but when I came out into the sunshine again what vision of loveliness did I see approaching? I saw a maiden whose perfect figure was clad in soft, white drapery, and her hands were full of wild flowers and crimson sumach-leaves. She stopped, from time to time, to pick the tall white asters that seemed to bend their flower-laden sprays out toward her hand, and then continued on her way, slowly and gracefully, and all unconscious of the eager, waiting amateur.

In went the plate-holder and out came the slide. A breathless moment of suspense, and then she stood just where I would have placed her. Her position was one of perfect grace; pausing, she had turned slightly and bent to pluck a flower, looking up and past me with a bewildering smile.

I pressed the bulb, the shutter snapped, and with a feeling of triumph I knew that the prize picture was mine—beyond recall!

When I got back to the inn where I was stopping, I found a telegram recalling me to town. The summons did not disconcert me in the least, for my short holiday had proved an eminent success. In health I felt like a different man, and I was exultant over my stolen picture.

Some days passed before I had leisure to develop the plate, but then I found I had indeed a prize—for it proved the best negative in every way among my entire collection.

Before I went down-town the next morning I hastily printed a proof, which I looked at with increasing rapture several times during the day.

What a perfect pose that girl had unconsciously taken, and how very beautiful she was! I had only thought of her before as a "good subject," but now I could not get her lovely face and graceful figure out of my mind. Who was she—and did she live

in that quiet town among the hills, or had she been a stranger, like myself? How could I find her out—and where could I see her again?—for see her I felt I must.

It is a strange confession to make, but before twenty-four hours were over I was desperately in love with the unknown original of my prize picture. That we should meet again some day I had not the slightest doubt: Kismet!

But after all, would it be right to send this picture—her picture—into the competition, to be criticised, admired freely, passed from hand to hand, then reproduced and sent broadcast over the length and breadth of the whole country?

Why not, when this might be the very means of bringing us together? And then I thought how I should persuade her that my wish to find her out had overcome all scruples, and that with the seeming liberty which I had taken I had shown myself ready to surrender myself her prisoner, and await her sentence—for life or death!

I could hardly wait for Saturday afternoon to come, and was in a fever until the few clouds of the morning had disappeared and left me the golden sunshine needed to print the prize picture.

I watched the first print with breathless attention, lest it should be too dark or a shade too light. And when it seemed exactly right, I removed it carefully and put it into a dark place, and laid another piece of freshly-fumed paper upon the negative. Then I put the printing-frame out again on my window-sill and began to fuss with another negative.

How it happened I never knew, but there was a crash—and when I turned to the window the printing-frame was gone.

I picked it up on the sidewalk—forty feet below—with my precious negative shivered into a thousand pieces.

All my hopes now centred on the one print which fortunately I had secured. And oh, the agony of anxiety that I went through in the toning, mounting, and burnishing of that one priceless print!

But it was safely finished at last, and perfect in every way; beautiful, artistic—beyond question the best piece of photographic work that I had ever done.

So, in spite of the irreparable loss of the negative, I felt almost happy, for with this I would surely accomplish my double purpose. It could not fail to win the prize—a small tribute to pay to my unknown darling's beauty! And it would also be the means of bringing us face to face. For the picture must certainly find its way into the hands of some of her family or friends, and she would hear of it, see it, be a little indignant perhaps. But her father, or brother, or guardian would be certain to resent the supposed liberty, and might even write to the successful amateur to take him to task for his presumption; that was my most ardent desire—the very clue I wanted. Once I knew where to find her, and then I could manage all the rest.

I was radiant with satisfaction, and was now only keeping the finished picture until I should have a chance to take a copy of it for myself; for I could not make up my mind to part with it altogether until I had found the original.

I was coming up-town the next afternoon, my mind full of the beauty and winsome grace of my fair unknown, when I ran across my old chum Fred. It was the first time I had seen him since his marriage, and we each had much to say.

"I want you to meet my wife, Tom; I know you'll like each other. She was as disappointed as I was that your illness kept you from coming to our wedding. Are you all right again now? You look well. Can't you drop in upon us to-night? We are stopping at the Buckingham until our house is ready."

"I shall be most happy to," I answered. And accordingly I presented myself that evening at the door of their private parlor.

Fred welcomed me cordially, and his young wife dropped the roses she was arranging as I entered, turned, and came forward smiling and with outstretched hand.

I staggered backward—I believe I should have fallen if Fred had not caught me by the arm—for the beautiful unknown in my prize picture, with whom I had fallen so desperately in love, was no other than Fred's wife!

"What is the matter; you are ill?" he cried, while she hastily brought me a glass of wine.

"It is nothing—nothing," I stammered. "I believe I'm not yet quite strong. I beg your pardon for being such a fool."

The wine restored me somewhat, and I stayed long enough to remove the feeling of embarrassment that naturally followed after this awkward scene.

When at last I got back to my room I looked at my picture eagerly. The same, beyond the shadow of a doubt! And then I began to realize the full extent of my double loss. Impossible to continue my adoration of the fair unknown—since now I knew her to be the wife of my friend; and impossible to send the stolen picture of another man's wife into a public competition.

I turned the picture to the wall and sat for a long time lost in thought. Then I seized a pen and wrote:

"DEAR FRED:—Truth is stranger than fiction. With this I send you the photograph of a fair stranger who deliberately and unconsciously walked into my picture when I was off on a photographing trip two weeks ago. This will also explain my peculiar collapse this evening. It takes a smaller thing than such a queer coincidence to upset a fellow when he is still below par. I know you will prize the picture, for it is the only one in existence, and the negative unfortunately is broken. With respectful remembrances to your wife, Your old friend TOM."

As I sealed my note the word "Kismet" gleamed mockingly up from the dark wax. I tied up the photograph and sent it off by a messenger before I had time to reconsider my decision.

"Good-bye to my dreams—and to my prize picture," I said, sadly, as the messenger pursued his way down the dark and silent street.

It was gone, and already I repented of my haste. Then, as a sudden thought struck me, I exclaimed:

"By Jove, if I can find it I'll tone the proof!"

THE "C. B. AND Q."

A STREET-CAR SKETCH IN NEW YORK CITY.

AFTER hurriedly dropping a letter into the street box I got into an up-town car, which the conductor (one of unusual politeness) kept waiting for me without the admonitory remark that seems to be a prefix or a suffix to the ringing of a street-car bell. Was it intuition, I wonder, which led me to acknowledge

his courtesy with a trifle more graciousness than is my custom under such a situation? But thank him I certainly did, and I doubled those thanks in my heart before I had ridden very far. Wending my way to the front end of the car, stumbling, of course, over the umbrella that is ever a protrusion in horse cars, I found a seat. The conductor came for my fare. As I restored some scattered change to my ragged purse I met the glance of an old lady seated opposite. The sweet, moist expression of her faded eyes arrested my own. The calm light in hers told me that life's setting sun had long since cast its softening rays over the shadows of her accumulated years. How happy she looked sitting there in her neat but well-worn gown! Her bonnet (and how dearly pathetic is an old lady's bonnet) with ribbons brushed and dusted until their bloom is gone; the many bends around the brim, intended by her wrinkled hand to be a remodeling of its former shape, but somehow the wire refuses her trembling suggestion and environs the modest old face with a halo of dents and of dear crooked edges which we love to see, and at which—but Heaven forbid it should be, except with the sincerest reverence—we must always smile.

They were a party of three, I now observed, sitting opposite to me. Listening, I learned their names—Thomas and Molly and Mother. How sweetly Thomas said it:

"Here, mother, is the panorama," he said, as we passed that place, "where scenes from the American Civil War are seen."

"I wouldn't like to see that, Thomas, for we've stopped fighting, ain't we?"

Thomas smiled, and then sat a little closer and put his arm, already resting on the window, still further along. Then he adjusted her silk mantilla. Molly looked out as the car passed. She did not look like the others—seemed interested, but rarely smiled.

"Are you sure, Thomas, our baggage will get there without us sayin' anything more?"

It was by this remark I learned they had come from or were starting on a journey.

The devoted son looked down on her with a smile of love and protection as he nodded his head in assent. The gray about his temples and the firm lines around the mouth spoke their story, and one felt that here was a man who had determinedly set out to master life. One who had struggled, faltered, perhaps, but the repose and the poise of that stalwart being showed that he had not failed.

"You were not very sea-sick, mother, you said?"

"No, not very; but then, Thomas, I was comin' to you. If you had heard what Aunt Jane said before we left; it was enough to make me believe I was goin' to die. I was sorry to leave her behind, Thomas. She'll be lonely. They all said I was foolish, goin' to America, and that you'd soon be gettin' married, now you was a rich man, and I'd be left again. But I kept a-sayin', Thomas, to myself, 'My boy's a-workin' for me; my boy's a-workin' for me. He said he'd send and fetch me and Molly when he got a pile o' money, and he's a-doin' it.' So I kept a-sayin' that, Thomas, when things was bad, and they all kept a-botherin' me. It has been a-many year, but I knew you'd do it, Thomas, when you could; you said so when you went away. And now I'm here, ain't I?"

"Yes, mother."

He looked past her now, out at some trivial object in the street. The look in his dark eyes showed that his thoughts were noble. She went on:

"And are you really rich, Thomas? I was afraid to tell them that; but ain't that a diamond in your shirt?"

Thomas looked down and blushed.

"Well, yes, mother; I got it rather cheap, I guess. It was belonging to Bill, a poor fellow that had hard luck for a while, and he needed a little money."

"Oh, yes; I see." And pride swelled his mother's heart, and she looked at me; a firm, proud glance.

"When will we get there?" said Molly, who had not yet spoken.

"It is something more than two days right through, but we will stop in Chicago."

"That's where you got them hams, ain't it?" put in the old lady.

"Then we take the C., B. and Q. and go down home."

"The C., B. and Q.—home," put in the dear old voice again; but there was a quiver at the word "home."

"What does that stand for, Thomas?"

"That's the name of the railway, mother, which takes us out to the farm; but we have a good ride in wagon, too, so keep spry."

"Thomas," said the old lady, after a long pause, "have you more than one cow?"

"Yes; many, mother"—a hearty ring was in his voice—"and they have all got calves by now, I expect."

"Oh, but won't it be lovely, Molly!" joy shining in her dear old face.

"Grand Central—Hudson River!" shouted the conductor, and then, with box and bundle and cotton umbrella, a black, shiny bag with good fastenings, but also a bit of hemp twine put round and round and tied in an ill-shapen knot, they left the car.

I turned to watch them—watch with what loving care Thomas led her to the sidewalk and through the waiting-room door. One dream is complete at last. One man has been able and willing to make an aged being happy, and the mother of "Laddie," that pathetic story, came to my mind; but with it also another picture, and I saw a neat farm-house, with meadows stretching far and wide, and forests beyond that, and in the glow of evening, when shadows lie their length for rest, and along the country paths the cattle wind their ways toward home, and the sounds of day grown fainter as the sun goes down; then comes Thomas, and Molly lays the cloth for tea, and there, in the love of one she knew and trusted, that aged mother is made young again, forgetting the toil, the sorrow, and the weary days of waiting when Thomas could not come. May I never forget the joy that shone from those sweet, old, faded eyes. SARAH C. L. PARKER.

MR. PORTER AND THE CENSUS.

WE had no idea when this paper recently invited the Hon. Robert P. Porter, Superintendent of the Census, to write an editorial contribution for it, that he would arouse so many opponents

One of them, a civil-service reformer at that, Mr. Foulke, of Indiana, assumed that Mr. Porter had sought our columns to find room to defend himself. It is only just to say that the assumption was absolutely incorrect. Furthermore, we might add that Mr. Porter's labors as Superintendent of the Census have been warmly commended by all who are familiar with the zeal and industry with which he entered upon and has well-nigh completed his task. One of the results of his systematic and diligent efforts will be a much earlier completion of the work than has heretofore been had. Would it not be well to await that completion before making odious comparisons?

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

A REFLECTION OF INTERIOR DECORATION.

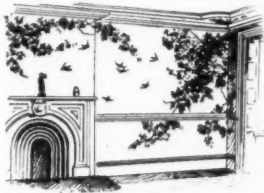
[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied, or she will make purchases for them when their wishes are clearly specified.]

THERE are those who condemn flower representation on the walls of a room, and no wonder, if their knowledge is restricted to the flowered wall-papers of many years ago, which absolutely produced vertigo when the eye dwelt upon them. Certain rooms demand some delicate tracery upon the walls, less cold and formal than plain color in paint, cooler than textile fabrics, simple in design, and less wearing than geometrical patterns.

An absorbing fancy has recently seized hold upon decorators at large for the Louis Quinze style, and such a room must be either tinted in soft transparent gray, or hung with silk upon the walls. To carry out in completeness of effect the ideas as to the decoration of interiors which prevailed in the time of Louis Quinze, requires an exquisite appreciation of delicacy of color, as well as the blending of what were called at that time pompadour tints. Pinks and blues of flower-like softness of tone and a peculiarly tender gray prevailed, for it was against hangings and walls of these colors that the powdered hair and brocaded dresses were best displayed—toilettes which would have lost their beauty as contrasted with deeply-colored walls or dark curtains. It is then, too, that the *rococo*—so called from roses, rocks, and shells—*roses, rocailles, coquilles*—which is both used and imitated, seized upon public fancy, and the pretty usurped the place of impressive decoration.

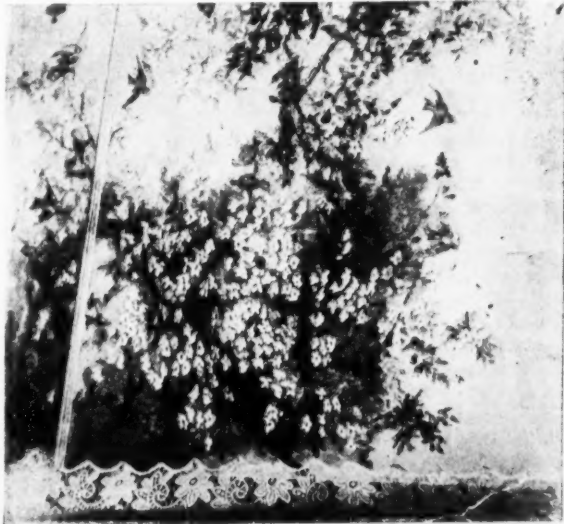
This revived "cream puff" fancy is likely soon to pall upon the taste, and such a situation surely comes under the head of what the renowned Susan Nipper was wont to describe to her fair charge as a "permanency," and as such it is demanded that a wall decoration shall be able to stand. It must not only be a thing of a reasonable amount of beauty, but be likely to prove a joy in a short human "forever."

These requirements promise to be fulfilled by a new and effective process of mural decoration in the most graceful floral designs, and executed in a thoroughly artistic manner, by Baroness Anna von Kienbusch. The wall is first prepared by a coating of size, and the design is then carried out by this accomplished artist in oil colors in a thoroughly original manner, and with new motifs each time.



A slight idea of the effect may be gleaned from the illustrations, which give the detail of a drawing-room recently completed. Wild roses, blue sky, and flying swallows are blended in the most graceful arrangement on dado, frieze, and ceiling, and the effect is so pleasing as never to become monotonous. The third illustration gives a sample of wood-carving, also executed by Baroness von Kienbusch, and she has also within the last few weeks completed the largest carved-wood panel for interior house decoration ever attempted in this city. The composition represents over a dozen monks about thirteen inches in height, with a projection of about five inches. The modeling in the first clay was very satisfactory, and the carving in a solid oak panel of about six by two feet was pronounced by the architect beyond his expectation, and a most difficult problem to work out.

The panel is to be placed over a mantel in a music-room, and the subject is a most appropriate one, representing, as it does, the convent orchestra in a monastic order known as the "Brethren of the Common Life," which existed at Deventer, in Holland, about the beginning of the fifteenth century. The grouping is



FLORAL DESIGN FOR A DRAWING-ROOM.

admirable, and every countenance and drapery fold in the simple robes tell their own story. Other examples of artistic carving from this same atelier are brackets, carved in fruit and foliage designs, to be placed between panels painted in flowers and vines for the decoration of the walls of a dining-room.

This charming interior decoration should be hailed with delight, for while "dark-hung" rooms, as they are called, may rest the thoughts, if there is any want of cheerfulness in the natural tendency of the mind, they would serve, by their sombreness, to increase its melancholy.

There is no doubt that the present prosperity of the country,



PANEL FOR A MUSIC-ROOM.

united with a fresh impetus in art, will throw much and lucrative work in the way of many artists of both sexes now ardently pursuing their intelligent study abroad.

ELLA STARR.

THE FIRST SENATOR-ELECT FROM WYOMING.

HON. JOSEPH M. CAREY, who has just been elected the first United States Senator from the new State of Wyoming, has served in the House as Territorial Delegate with general acceptance to his constituents. He is a native of Delaware, and is in the forty-sixth year of his age. He received a common school education, and attended Fort Edward Collegiate Institute and Union College, New York; studied law at Philadelphia, and



HON. JOSEPH M. CAREY.—PHOTO BY BELL.

was admitted to the Bar in 1867. He removed to Wyoming, and is now engaged in stock-raising. He was appointed United States District-Attorney on the organization of the Territory in 1869, but resigned the office in 1871 on his appointment as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Wyoming, which position he held until 1876. He was three times elected Mayor of Cheyenne, and elected a Delegate to three Congresses. He now comes to the capital clothed with new honors and dignities as the first United States Senator from the new State.

WHAT MAKES A GENTLEMAN.

ONE of our favorite contributors, in the course of a personal note to the editor, says: "I have read Ward McAllister's book and like it much. It is very useful, practical, and sensible, and tells us all how few of us can ever become gentlemen. A gentleman is a man who can distinguish the Madeira which was imported in the *Betsy* in 1804 from that of the same vintage which was imported in the *Admiral*, and who possesses the other qualities which would naturally accompany such an accomplishment. I admire the book immensely because it shows clearly how an absence of ideas contributes to harmony in society."

PERSONAL.

ADMIRABLE photographs of the late Thurman banquet at Columbus, Ohio, were made by the well-known artist, L. M. Baker, of that city, of whom copies may be procured. The photographs were made by electric light, the largest being eighteen by twenty-one inches.

In a suit brought by a dramatic author in London against Mrs. Langtry, to recover damages by reason of her refusal to produce a new play which had been written for her, she testified that one of the strong characters in the play was a dog, and that "it was impossible to obtain a suitable dog in America." How unfortunate! What would be the matter with the *Sun's* cat in such an emergency?

It is announced that Minister Lincoln, who will return to England within a fortnight or so, will go back alone, leaving his family in this country. He will remain in London the full limit of his term, the death of his son having deranged plans which looked to bringing home his boy for the completion of his education here. It was the purpose of himself and his law partner to build up a business to leave to their boys, so that the firm name might be continued after their retirement.

A CONTEMPORARY states that William E. Russell, the Governor-elect of Massachusetts, is a good horseman and a fine wing shot. It is quite certain that he led his antagonist a lively pace in the recent election, and it cannot be doubted that he brought down some big game. It is added that he has on hand two or three guns in which he takes especial pride. He will probably find use for them in defending himself against the office-hunters who will be likely to demand recognition.

EX-ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL CLARKSON is said to have had enough of political life, and proposes to retire permanently from partisan politics. He is a man of high ability and a superb manager; but he is without sympathy with some of the methods which seem to have become popular in modern political campaigns. He will give his attention to business affairs, and it may be that he will ultimately drift back to journalism, for which he has some peculiar qualifications, and in which he has "writ his name large" in former years.

MR. POWDERLY has been re-elected Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, and at his own suggestion his salary has been reduced from \$5,000 to \$3,500 per annum. His re-election was very strongly urged on the ground that he has managed the affairs of the Order during the past year so successfully, that the revenue was some \$20,000 greater than during the previous year. The only criticism upon his administration was that, together with other executive officers of the Order, he had taken an active part in the late gubernatorial campaign in Pennsylvania.

THERE seems to be quite a revolt in Pennsylvania against the re-election of United States Senator Cameron. A good many Republican newspapers have declared in favor of the selection of some other representative of the party. One of them is so indiscreet as to say that "we want a man with some soul and earnestness. Neither Cameron nor Quay have represented this State, and every member of the Legislature who may vote for the former should be spotted." The Philadelphia delegation in the Legislature has declared for Mr. Cameron, and he will no doubt be re-elected.

MR. WHITELAW REID, our very efficient Minister to France, has taken two months' vacation, which he will spend in Turkey and Egypt. Minister Reid has given himself very closely to his official duties, and has established for himself a very strong position at the French Court, while at the same time he has succeeded in protecting American interests against invidious legislation in two or three particulars. It should be added that while Mr. Reid enjoys great popularity in his ministerial relations, his wife has, by her charming personality and her admirable hospitality, made the American Embassy a centre of the best social life of the French capital.

It is said that Postmaster-General Wanamaker, who entertains a good deal during the Washington season, but never offers wine to his guests, makes up for his parsimony in this particular by lavish expenditures for floral decorations. He is credited with spending from \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year for flowers for his dinner-table and drawing-room. Vice-President Morton also buys the choicest and rarest of flowers and ferns for his house decorations, while his wife personally superintends their arrangement. Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Stanford also invest fortunes in flowers every year, and there are many houses at which the flowers of the dinner cost more than the dinner itself.

THE baby son of the Korean Minister at Washington is probably the only child of that nationality ever born on American soil. He is now about six weeks of age, and is kept in strict seclusion, only one American woman, the wife of the chief clerk of the State Department, having been permitted to look upon him. This lady was called in to prescribe for the youngster during a spell of illness, and her counsel seems to have been attended with beneficial results. According to the rules of Korean etiquette, none but the parents and nurse have any right to see a baby during the first two months of its life. The husband officiates personally at the birth of his child, and this baby was kept for three days after its birth wrapped up in swaddling clothes of fine white china silk.

WE find in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* this pleasant reference to a lady who is under commission from FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER to execute certain important literary work at the South:

"Mrs. Lee C. Harby, whose writings in the *Times-Democrat*, and whose contributions to romantic, poetic, and historical literature in the leading Northern periodicals have made her name widely known, is, with her husband, J. D. Harby, Esq., at the St. Charles Hotel. Mrs. Harby, it will be remembered, removed last year from Texas to New York City, where she has taken up her permanent abode, and where she has entered at once into the social and literary life of the metropolis. She was elected a member of the Executive Committee of the Woman's Press Club of New York, made a member of the Sorosis, and is a Fellow of the American Historical Association. Mrs. Harby comes South partly for pleasure and partly to write up certain points illustrative of Southern life for a prominent illustrated periodical in New York City. This work will necessitate Mrs. Harby extending her trip to Texas, which State was for many years Mrs. Harby's home."

OUR ALASKA EXPEDITION.

EXPLORATION OF THE UNKNOWN ALSECK RIVER REGION
BY E. J. GLAVE, ONE OF STANLEY'S PIONEER
CONGO OFFICERS.

IV.

ALL the Alaskan forests seem to have suffered greatly from fire, caused no doubt to a great extent by burning camp-fires left by Indian hunters and trappers; a part of these conflagrations, however, must be credited to the custom the Indians have of firing the dry grass to keep the mosquitoes away. These pests assail a man as soon as he sits down, so the Indian fires the grass just around him, and creates atmospheric conditions detrimental to the invading insect. With this barrier between himself and foe, he rests until the destroying element warns him to move on. Old Koonack Ack Saï and family always practiced this, but I am undecided as to which was worse, the mosquito bite or the stifling preventive. These forest fires scare all the animals away, and account to some extent for the scarcity of game in this country.

The forests unmolested by fire are of a dark green shade, their rich sombre hues contrasting with the pale green mass of undergrowth in which they seem imbedded. Although at places the land is rocky and barren, still there are valleys where the soil is very rich. All vegetation attains luxuriant growth. Vegetables and grain would grow excellently in the rich valleys, several of which we have passed since leaving the head of the Alseck River. The condition of the Indians would be greatly alleviated if they were able during the summer months to utilize the soil of these valleys to raise grain, and so make some provision for the winter, instead of having to rely almost entirely on the chase, thereby being compelled to subject themselves and families to the harsh cold which pervades these regions from October to March. It is the privation and hardship suffered by the little ones who live around the hunting-camps and on the banks of the lake, unprotected from the biting cold save by a rude shelter made of branches of trees, which sows the seed of sickness, and must to some extent account for the numerical decrease of the Indian tribes.

We now reached a point on the river whence, old Koonack Ack Saï said, by making a long march we could reach a stream offering a chance of salmon. In anticipation of such a cheering and satisfactory event, Koonack Ack Saï immediately applied himself to trimming a salmon-pole. The old fellow is always busy, even when resting on the trail; he first produces his pipe, which he places in his mouth without filling it, and then looks imploringly toward me as an indication that the contents of my tobacco-pouch would interest him. Having made himself comfortable in this direction, he produces his knife, shapes out the handle of some tool, trims up a stick, or perhaps slices up some hide into thongs. When he and his family are sufficiently rested he puts away his work, shoulders his pack, and trudges doggedly along the trail.

Having traversed a long, stony stretch of bleak valley, we again struck the banks of the Alseck River, which we have now traced for nearly one hundred miles from its source. Above this point it is impossible to utilize the stream for navigation, except in short stretches. The natives have no canoes at all in this part of its waters. But upon our arrival to-day we found a small canoe lying beached; and packing our loads into this we shot out into the stream and were swept along on an eight-knot current to our camping-place, which was reached at eight o'clock in the evening. In a little brook, at the mouth of which we were staying for the night, large salmon kept continually rising: it was here we expected to get some of these fish. Both Shank, the medicine-man, and old Koonack Ack Saï plied their hook-poles very persistently, but without success. Our dinner this evening was erratic, both in the time of partaking of it and in its composition. It consisted of pancake and a cup of coffee, which we did not get until 11 P. M.; we had delayed the meal in the hope of getting a salmon. The next morning we again had the satisfaction of utilizing the river instead of continuing our irksome overland traveling. We passed over some rough and dangerous water. The little stream, rushing along with an eight-knot current, hisses and roars as it hurls itself in choppy rapids over the rocks which bar its way. But Dalton and Shank are both expert paddlers; they steered our frail craft of a dug-out in these treacherous winding channels, in between rugged boulders, shaved past heaps of rocks, and cleverly avoided the many heaps of fallen trees and debris stranded in the river bed. It is only with such men as accompanied me that the



SHANK, STEERSMAN DOWN THE ALSECK RIVER.

river is navigable. It would be utterly impossible with inexperienced persons. Our Indian friends continued on the overland trail, fearing to trust their lives in the canoe. When Shank, our newly-engaged Alseck guide, informed us that he was acquainted with this stream he proved his connection with the river by citing details hardly calculated to exercise a soothing tendency on our minds. He told us that he (Shank), his father, and two uncles were once going down stream, a little below our present camp, when they met with a serious accident. They ran

on a big rock, their canoe was smashed and swamped, the two uncles were drowned, and Shank and his father narrowly escaped the same fate, but managed to reach the shore after being bruised and cut from head to foot, as the angry torrent flung them among the rocks. When Shank is at a loss for an interesting topic of conversation, he endeavors to tell us by counting on his fingers the number of Indians who have lost their lives in this river. While camped at noon on a patch of rocks awaiting the arrival of our Indian friends, an old black bear showed himself on the brow of a low foot-hill on the opposite bank. It was a long shot, but Dalton fired at him with his rifle sighted up to 700 yards. The meditative way with which Bruin sat down upon hearing the report, led us at first to suppose he was hit, but it turned out to be simply the attitude he assumed while considering whence that strange noise emanated. However, he evidently concluded to allow his thoughts on the subject to develop in some more sheltered spot, and galloped away into a neighboring thicket of spruce trees. When our Indian friends arrived we borrowed one of their dogs and paddled across the stream to see if we could track the animal; our efforts, however, were fruitless in that direction, but on returning to the beach we came upon a little brook, in which was a splendid run of salmon. Old Koonack Ack Saï, who accompanied us, had his hook-pole along with him, and after half an hour's work we returned to camp with about 100 pounds of magnificent fish. Here was a delicacy for all of us; one big fellow weighed at least fifty pounds. We decided to stay the remainder of the day at this camp and recuperate on our catch. During our absence the mother and three boys had curled themselves up in their blankets and were sleeping, but the old fellow's delighted tones, calling to them the joyful news that he had salmon, acted as magic. They sprang to their feet, blankets were thrown aside, and by the time the canoe touched the beach all was in readiness, and but a few minutes elapsed before salmon steaks and heads were toasting on spits before a roaring fire, and their old two-gallon tin, which they carry for such occasions, was boiling away full of fish. The whole family sat around anxiously waiting for their meal to be sufficiently cooked to admit of attack. The remainder of the day they devoted entirely to cooking and feasting, in order to make up for the many hours of exceedingly short rations which they had been suffering. The two preceding days they had but little save some very dry salmon of last year's curing, probably as nourishing as sawdust.

All the valleys now bear evidence of glacial action in place of the rich pasture growth of those to the north. We now find them extensive flats of broken rocks, gravel, sand, and fine mud, but the wild vegetation on the hills is most luxuriant.

The morning following the salmon festival we struck camp early, leaving the Indian family still busy with the disposal of their fish. Embarking in the canoe we rushed along at a rattling pace, shooting past rapids and through eddies, and flying along in between fallen trees. The Alseck generally divides its force in several channels, but at times the river becomes hemmed in by high banks, forming miniature cañons. At these places there is a great increase of current, but the water is deep, and a canoe, if dexterously handled, can pass in safety.

We reached the first of the Guna encampments at noon. The dogs were the first to acknowledge our arrival, and seemed to be at first contemplating where they should commence to make a meal of us. We became surrounded by upward of thirty of these animals, who, barking furiously, rushed in unpleasantly close to our heels. But, giving ourselves a vigorous shake, the clatter of the tin pots, etc., which were strapped to our backs scared them to a respectful distance, where they snarled and yelped to inform their masters of the strange element newly arrived in their midst.

The fishing-camps are pitched at intervals of three and four hundred yards along the western bank of the river, extending for about a mile and a half. The settlement is known as Alseck and is a well-selected position. The keen southwest wind which prevails here is broken by a big rugged bluff, behind which the rude dwellings nestle amid a sparse growth of willow and small shrub of sufficient density to ward off the violence of the wind, but at the same time permitting circulation enough to keep the settlement clear of mosquitoes. A stony waste lies between the camp and the river, which is here boiling along in three distinct, deep, wide channels. Magnificent mountain scenery towers in majestic heights on both banks of the stream. Although the climate seldom necessitates the wearing of a coat during the day, still, the upper parts of the hills are constantly receiving a fresh supply of snow. It is indeed a strange mixture of summer and winter. The prolific vegetation boldly fights its way up the mountain slopes, as if in bitter contest with the snow and ice which bar its progress. Sweeping forests of spruce and hemlock rise in dark green foliage almost to the summits from the barren, stony valley beneath. A luxuriant growth of wild fruits flourishes on the lower foot-hills, and beneath the cranberry, dilberry, wild currant, and gooseberry is spread a soft, delicately-tinted carpet of mosses and small-leaved herbs.

Each little camp was composed of a log hut or two roofed with hemlock bark, while some of the Indian families preferred to live under their old cotton shelters about eight feet square. At the back of this a heap of small branches was thrown to add to its effectiveness as a barrier against the wind storms. Their stock of cooking vessels, skins, furs, moccasins, blankets, guns, and other miscellaneous items of property were stowed away under this cover. Rude platforms of stout poles, six feet from the ground, were attached to each dwelling, on which they were drying their salmon. At the time of our arrival most of the men were away on the river fishing, and our sudden entry into their midst, with the howling dogs around us, created no small consternation. Shank, our newly engaged Indian, to whom they put innumerable questions, explained our presence, and their minds were soon at ease. They returned to their camp-fire, which they had deserted at our approach, and some of the little ones, who had been downright scared and had bolted into all kinds of nooks and corners, gradually came back from their hiding-places, and we became for the time the objects of an unusual amount of scrutiny; but they did not allow their natural courtesy to be expelled from their minds by any abrupt intrusion on our part. They became very affable, invited us to sit down, and gave us some salmon which they were toasting over the fire.

We had eaten nothing since early morning, and accepted their gift with thanks. The fish was cooked to a turn, and we were not long in giving them an opportunity of judging the proportions of a hungry white man's appetite. During our short stay the dogs had recovered from the shock which our melodious tin-can production had caused them. They squatted around and silently interviewed us, seemingly as curious upon the subject as the natives themselves.

We learned from these people that the principal chief, or ankow, was camped lower down stream; so, having handed them a little tobacco, which is always very acceptable to the Indian, and having drawn up our canoe on the beach just above, we shouldered our packs and continued our journey. We passed several little settlements, as I have described, at each of which our reception was most friendly. They all offered us salmon, and wanted us to stay at their camp. At each place the dogs surrounded us, and upon our departure followed close on our heels until we neared the precincts of another little encampment, the dogs of which would rush out, and thus we entered each new group of Indians accompanied by an angry canine escort. We finally reached the cluster of tents and huts where the old chief, War Saine, was residing. He welcomed us, and placed at our disposal a tent which he and his men rigged up for us. They brought us firewood and water, gave us a fine salmon, and, in fact, displayed all the hospitality that lay in their power.

These natives were better-looking than any I have previously seen in Alaska. They were well dressed and all adorned with a profuse sprinkling of small, various-colored beads, of which they seemed very fond. They wore silver rings on their fingers,



YOUTHFUL VANITY.

ear-rings and small nose-rings, and a small bar of silver through the lower lip. The latter form of adornment is common only to the women; the men consider their features of sufficient beauty without it. These people have, to an extent, discarded their picturesque costumes of dressed deer-skin. They now get a great deal of their clothing from the Chilkat Indians, who bring it into the interior and exchange it with the Guna for furs; but the men still retain the moccasins, and many of them, especially the older men, prefer the buckskin pants and

stockings, which look quite smart with their beaded patterns and fringes. There are enormous quantities of salmon hanging up to dry at each encampment. Inside the old chief's hut was a large block of wood dug out in the shape of a trough, containing a quantity of fish-heads which were placed there, I learned, in order to impart to them the required antiquated condition, and to extend to them that delicate softness which time imparts to such material, a luxury to the Indian palate but highly obnoxious, even at a considerable distance, to the man of civilization.

It was late in the evening when we arrived in camp, so, having explained to the old chief that we were tired and would see him in the morning, we turned in, having made one of our regular shakedown of fir-branches. It was from this place to the sea that the perilous part of our journey lay. We had accomplished some hard overland traveling which had been slow and tedious, and were now about to embark in a dug-out and float on the waters of the Alseck to the Pacific Ocean. That torrent, tearing along within a hundred yards of our tent, boiling and hissing as it sped over its rocky bed with a nine-knot current, warned us that we should not now have to complain about rapidity of locomotion.

E. J. GLAVE.

LIFE INSURANCE.—SOME SUGGESTIONS.

ANOTHER evidence of the correctness of my theory in reference to the unreliability of assessment insurance companies comes from the courts of Wisconsin. A receiver has been appointed by the courts of Milwaukee for the Manufacturers' Mutual Insurance Company. This is a specimen of many others of its class. It was organized in 1886 on the mutual plan, and everybody thought that it was swimming along in excellent shape until about a year ago, when the losses began to accumulate; \$30,000 of them coming in within a short interval, seriously crippling the concern. The courts have ordered the cancellation of 2,300 outstanding policies, covering insurance of nearly two and a half million dollars held all over the United States. The assets, it was revealed on examination, consist of only \$20,000 of premium rates and about \$10,000 in outstanding accounts, while the indebtedness is over \$56,000. Had the members of this association listened to my denunciation of such insurance schemes they would have withdrawn from it during the time of its prosperity. I have no doubt that there are hundreds of other fraternal and mutual organizations that will topple and fall just as soon as death-claims accumulate, and these must accumulate with increasing rapidity from year to year.

I notice that the Farmers' Alliance in Kansas proposes to go into the insurance business. This is the organization which elected, this fall, the responsible office of judgeship, in Kansas, a man who had never studied law, and who was simply a farmer. The idea of putting such a man upon the Bench, to decide delicate points of law, is simply preposterous. If the Farmers' Alliance proposes to organize an insurance association managed by men without experience, who are expected to deal with all the phases of life insurance and to compete with the experienced and

carefully organized companies now in existence, it is safe to predict a short-lived career for the new concern. I advise my friends to keep out of it.

How many of my readers recall the scandal attending the failure of the Widows and Orphans Benefit and Life Insurance Company, which was absorbed by the Mutual Protection Company several years ago, and the strange revelations made in the case. The scheme by which this re-organization was made and the Widows and Orphans Company despoiled, was this: The majority of the stock of the Widows and Orphans Company was purchased by the Mutual Protection Company for \$156,000, the money being borrowed by the latter company. This borrowed money was repaid (and also \$25,000 for commissions on the sale) out of the assets of the Widows and Orphans Company, so that the schemers who absorbed the latter took with it over \$186,000, of which \$163,000 was deliberately used to repay loans made for the purpose of purchasing the stock of the Widows and Orphans Company. This peculiar transaction was done "under the advice of counsel." After protracted litigation the courts have decided that the trustees of the companies involved were responsible for their misconduct, and the estate of one of them has been charged with the payment of over \$189,000 of the wasted funds. This is only a specimen of the sort of manipulation that has gone on in times past in the insurance business, and some of it, I am sorry to say, is going on now.

A correspondent at Maasaman, N. W. Territory, would like to have my opinion of the Masonic Aid Association of Yankton, Dak. I do not know much about this company, but I cannot see a great possibility of success for any company established in such a sparsely settled country as Dakota is at present. The business of life insurance must have its risks well distributed, and a Dakota company will inevitably be largely local. If a Masonic association is wanted by my correspondent, let him patronize one of standing, like the Northwestern Masonic Association of Chicago. Better still, let him (if he wants cheap insurance) patronize one of the natural premium companies, which has millions of dollars of accumulated assets.

An Oakland, Cal., correspondent says he has a policy in the Washington Life Insurance Company of New York, which, with the accrued dividends, represents 33½ per cent. increase on the amount of the policy. He adds: "The company, on application, declined to make a loan of any amount on same. Do you regard this action as business-like or reasonable?" I reply, I do not regard it as at all business-like or reasonable. As I understand it, the Washington Life has collected from the member in question, and still holds, an amount of money largely in excess of the cash surrender value of the policy. This excess is in the vaults of the Washington Life. The company has millions of dollars to loan. It seems to me that there could not be a better security to loan upon than such a policy. If the policy is worth anything, the company ought certainly to make a loan on it, if interest is paid.

A correspondent at Camden, N. J., sends me circulars of the People's Guarantee Bond Investment Company, of Philadelphia, and wants to know "if it is possible to pay \$200 at seven months on a one-thousand-dollar bond, if said bond be called at seven months." It seems to me impossible, and savors of a fraud somewhere, or lottery chances. The scheme, from a cursory examination (for it is not really an insurance scheme), looks like a lottery affair. It certainly has no supervision from the State authorities, or from any department of the State. It seems to be a sort of mongrel thing, and I can only say that on no reasonable basis can any one offer to pay safely two or three times as much as savings banks find it possible to offer. I call my correspondent's attention to the recent action taken against some officers of the Guarantee Provident Association of Manchester, N. H., who are charged with conspiracy to defraud. This association announced its purpose to be "to encourage industry and frugality and to promote thrift and economy among its members," by providing a medium in which all their savings could be invested, reaping the largest profits consistent with safety. It proposed to sell shares of the par value of \$200 for \$1.00 per month for eight years; in other words, to give the investor \$200 for \$96. And, furthermore, it offered loans to the members of the concern who wanted to purchase property. When loans were sought by parties to the amount of eighty per cent. of their shares, they were coolly informed that arrangements for loans had been made by the predecessors of the present officers, and that the whereabouts of the former superintendent was unknown. On this revelation, arrests were made. It is said that the case is much like that of the Capital Building and Loan Association, six of whose agents were sent to the Alleghany County Work-house for conspiracy. One of the detectives interested in the case said that the scheme was worked by changing superintendents every six months, so that when applications for loans were made and refused it could be said that there had been a change of superintendents. One of the special features of the scheme was this: No subscriber could get a loan until he had been a member of the concern for six months. By changing superintendents before the six months had expired it was easy to evade responsibility.

I have a letter from Mr. G. A. Litchfield, the energetic president of the Massachusetts Benefit Association, in which he declares that the record of his company for fair dealing, and its reputation for full and prompt payment of claims, is as good as that of any life insurance company in the country; that the association was entitled to more consideration than it received from the New York Superintendent of Insurance, and that it made him an offer that was eminently fair. I have not asserted at any time that the Massachusetts Benefit Association was not in the hands of an honest and able management. My only criticism of the company has extended to what I believe to be a mistake in its methods in the re-insurance of risks of weaker companies. I have made inquiries regarding this matter and find a division of opinion regarding it on the part of the most experienced insurers. President Litchfield has a good company, and I believe that he cannot reasonably object to suggestions calculated to make it even better.

The Hermit.

THE CHARITY DOLL SHOW.

AFTER weeks of toil and preparation for the first Charity-Doll Show in America, the fruition-time is now close at hand, and such a harvest of delights is promised for the little ones as will rejoice the loving hearts and willing hands that have labored so patiently for them.

The great multitude of dollies that two months ago were wrapped like mummies in folds of brown paper, and pigeon-holed each in its own box, have now emerged from that chrysalis state into a condition of butterfly splendor that is absolutely bewildering.

For the most part the dolls are charmingly dressed in lovely colors and textures. There are a few, however, poorly clad. The story of one of these is a bit of the history of the doll show which will bear telling. Here it is:

A poor little brown-eyed doll was sent back looking as if it had found life pretty hard outside of its native box. The auburn curls were all in a tangle. Small grimy finger-marks appeared on the delicate bisque complexion, and the clothes—O, my! Mademoiselle's under-garments were made on a sewing-machine evidently manipulated by a most unskilled operator. They were dirty, liberally sprinkled with machine oil, and trimmed with "crochet edging" that must have been made by very soiled fingers. A weird black silk frock and a strange-looking hood of the same material completed the costume of the forlorn doll. "How could any one offer such a piece of work as a charity?" was the indignant protest, as dollie was passed round for inspection.

But when its story was made known, that shabby little doll took on a dignity that quite glorified it, even in the presence of its dainty sisters, resplendent in satin and lace and gold. It was dressed by a crippled child who lives away up in the fifth story of a tenement. There is one window in her room. Some sickly, spindling plants stand on the window-sill, and beyond them she can look across the roofs of the lower houses, where the nondescript articles which constitute the family washing of the neighborhood swing on pulley-lines against the background of sky. This is all she sees of the outside world. Early in the dawn of these shortening days, the child's mother hurries off to the factory where she works to support her fatherless child. The little girl is left alone until night. She reads eagerly, and from an old copy of LESLIE'S NEWSPAPER had learned about the doll show. At once she longed to "lend a hand," and so her mother wrote a note to the paper one night asking that a doll might be sent for her little daughter to dress "for the poor children." Think, then, what a labor of love that ill-clad doll represents, you who have almost grudgingly spared a few hours from your pleasures to work for this charity! Imagine that little cripple in her lonely attic toiling day after day to fashion the strange, small garments, and sewing them on a hand machine—for her poor, twisted, paralyzed legs dangle helplessly as she sits in her chair by the window. I am pretty sure that the angels will "Judge" that doll!

A beautiful specimen of dainty, tasteful work is afforded by two dolls that have been dressed by working-girls in the few leisure hours they have at night. The materials employed are not very fine, but the style and finish and sewing are exquisite. One of the dolls is as large as a year-old child, and its outfit is complete, from the bronzed shoes to the pretty shirred mull hat tied over its golden curls. The other is an infant in long clothes, with socks and cap.

"We made everything ourselves except the shoes," was the message sent with them.

Four very pretty dolls have been returned from Denver, Col., with the following note:

"My mother, nearly sixty-five years of age, has dressed them as she used to when a child, and she hopes some little children in hospital or tenement will enjoy dressing and undressing them. . . . Next year we will ask you to send just one, and then we can make suits enough for a number the same size, if some one will put them on the dolls at your office. Wishing you every success, and that we may have an opportunity to help more another time, I remain,

"Yours truly, L. BENNETT."

Two interesting dolls are now on their way from France. They are the gift of "Sister Thérèse," of the Maison Marie Joseph, aux Audelys, Eure, and "Sister Gabrielle," of the Convent des Carmélites, Faubourg de Paris, Rennes, Ille-et-Vilaine. These ladies are sisters of the Baron de la Rue, and have sent the dolls at their brother's request. They would not have been allowed to do this work for any European charity, owing to the strict rules of their order, "but for America it is permitted." France always has been willing to do things for America, as history shows, and this graceful and gracious act of benevolence on the part of these gentle nuns is deeply appreciated.

A few Washington women have manifested an interest in the doll show, but the plan, which early in the undertaking it was hoped might be carried into effect, of getting dolls dressed by the wives of members of the Cabinet and of the foreign ministers, in some characteristic costume of their respective countries, has not been realized. Such a display would have contributed greatly, no doubt, to the interest and beauty of the exhibition. However, Mrs. Harrison, the wife of the President, is dressing a small doll. Mrs. Stanley Brown, née Mollie Garfield, is doing one. Mrs. Cockerell, wife of the Senator from Missouri, and a warm friend of Mrs. Cleveland, is dressing two. Miss Paunceforte is doing a doll, as are also Misses Ellen Worden and Dalzell, and half a dozen other ladies.

Owing to the fact that the concert hall of the Madison Square Garden, in which it was intended all along to hold the doll show, will not be completed in time, it has been found necessary to have the dolls exhibited in the large rooms on the first and second floors of the Judge Building, 110 Fifth Avenue. This will make it necessary to abandon the idea of concerts by the Boston Ladies Orchestra, but other features will be added to atone, as far as possible, for the change in the programme.

Mr. A. B. de Frece, that Napoleon of charitable entertainments, has kindly consented to take the helm and steer the doll show to fame and fortune, which under his able direction are foregone conclusions. Daily programmes are being arranged for the amusement of the juvenile visitors to the show, and the concerts by the orchestra promise much pleasure. It is proposed to invite the children of various asylums to visit the show on successive mornings, in order that they may see the vast con-

course of dollies, and these tots' enjoyment of the sight will form a conspicuous feature of the affair.

A superb doll has just been received from Captain Alfred Thompson—a Cleopatra with red-gold hair and a wonderful costume. The doll is set upon an Egyptian pedestal, and will be a notable figure at the exhibition.

A RÉSUMÉ OF THE FOOT-BALL SEASON.

THE foot-ball season, culminating in the great game between Princeton and Yale, at Eastern Park, Brooklyn, on Thanksgiving Day, has been a most successful one from every point of view. There can be no doubt of the popularity of this lively pastime, first introduced among us by our cousins across the Atlantic, and which bids fair to become the national game by ousting base-ball from that proud elevation. Every game has attracted large crowds of people; the utmost enthusiasm has uniformly prevailed, evidencing the relish with which the public in general enjoy the sight of brawny and brainy youths from the different seats of learning toying with the leathern spheroid.

The first game of importance in this vicinity was played at Washington Park, Brooklyn, between Princeton and the Crescents, on the 18th of October. This game was not characterized by any very brilliant playing on either side. The Crescents, many thought, were capable of playing a much stronger game, and the Princeton men were far from being in good form. Captain Poe's team, however, are not showy in their work, but depend more on careful and painstaking endeavor, seeking to gain their end rather by hard and steady work than to score points by a brilliant dash.

Columbia was but a small mouthful for the Princetons when the representatives of the two colleges met at Berkeley Oval on election day. Of course no one expected that Columbia would score on that occasion, but the fact of her being able to keep her opponents from doing so for quite a time argued considerable prowess to her favor. There was a far better fight in the afternoon of the same day at Washington Park between Yale and the Crescents team. Captain Rhodes's boys had been to see the fun at the Oval in the morning, and their blood was hot. A ringing cheer greeted them as they entered the arena, for had they not done well in the past? And was there not a glorious possibility before them before the season was over? The season is over now, and that possibility has not fructified so gloriously as the sturdy kickers of Yale could have wished; still they have showed themselves a strong team, a credit to their college and their trainer. The Crescents men always play their best when opposed to Yale, but in spite of their strength—and they are strong with Beecher, Terry, Bull, and Edwards, to say nothing of the sturdy Lamarches, in their ranks—the college men scored more points than in their first game with Wesleyan. But this was owing rather to the fact that they had improved considerably in their play than any inferiority in the Crescents team. The rush line work had got noticeably better, and the team play generally more systematic. Still there were many weak points in their play, particularly in the ends, and the kicking was poor.

Without doubt, the game which excited the most general interest was the one played between Harvard and Yale at Springfield, on the 22d of November. Two strong teams were to meet, and there was to be a fierce contest for victory. They met; there was a fierce contest, and the victory was Harvard's. For the first time in fifteen years the crimson floated above the blue on the foot-ball field, and the Cambridge men were happy. The day was cold and bright—a better day for players than for spectators—and fully fifteen thousand people thronged Hampden Park, enthusiastically cheering at every exciting move in the game. A stand was erected around three sides of the field, and the adherents of the two colleges seemed about equally divided as far as numbers were concerned, though, perhaps, Yale had a slight superiority in the matter of lungs. The Harvard boys were the first to make their bow, and were received with deafening cheers by their partisans. The Yale men followed quickly after, and were welcomed in like manner. After a little preliminary exercise to warm themselves, promptly at 2:30 in the afternoon the opposing forces drew up into line and Yale won the toss-up, which gave her the advantage of the wind. Thousands of dollars were bet, the odds being in Yale's favor. Harvard had the ball, and Yale, forming a V with Crosby in the centre, gained five yards before they were stopped by the sturdy wearers of the crimson. Cheers rang out on the bracing air, and the contestants, feeling the blood warming up in their veins, got down to their work in grand style. Both sides worked hard; good play by both teams wrought the enthusiasm of the spectators up to a high pitch, and not a point in the game worthy of recognition was missed. The first half of the game passed, however, and neither side scored. Yale's backers began to look blue. With the wind in their favor they had been unable to score during the first half, and how would they fare now that Harvard had this advantage? At 3:50 time was called, and the struggle began again, more desperate than ever. Williams, of Yale, was injured early in the second half, and was replaced by Bliss. Fast and furious went the game, neither side gaining any material advantage, when Lake was injured and Lee took his place. The accident to Lake was a lucky one to Harvard, for Lee had not been on the field many minutes when the ball was passed to him, and he ran with it for forty yards with a speed none of his opponents could equal, and made a touch-down. Trafford kicked a goal, and the score stood 6 to 0 in Harvard's favor. Directly after, little Dean caught the ball on the rebound, after a most atrocious fumble on the part of Yale in passing, and ran home with it before Hartwell, who was nearest to him, could recover from his surprise to give chase. Trafford easily kicked the goal, and the score stood 12 to 0. Yale was worked up to a frenzy. The game went at a terrific rate, but Yale gained nothing until McClung was forced over the line with the ball, thus securing Yale's only touch-down. H. Morrison kicked a goal, making the score 12 to 6, and so it stood when the game was finished at five o'clock.

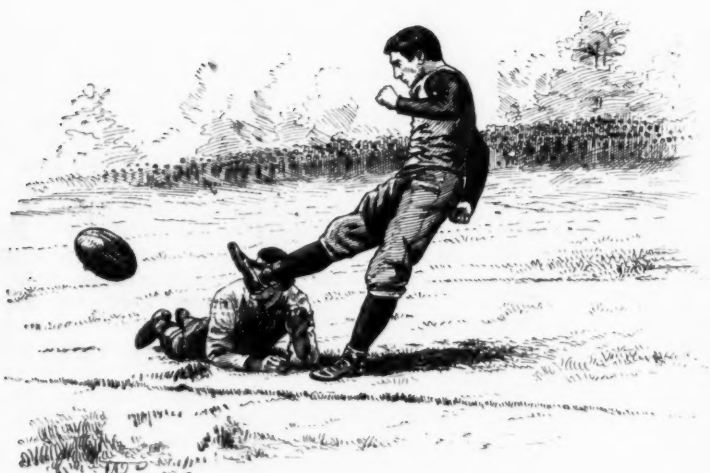
It was a great day for Harvard, and the boys in crimson were afterward royally treated, as became conquerors. The illustrations, to be found elsewhere in this issue, are from instantaneous photographs of some of the most interesting features in the different games of the season.



DOWN!



TACKLING A RUN.



POE OF PRINCETON MAKES A PLACE KICK.



THE PRINCETON ELEVEN.



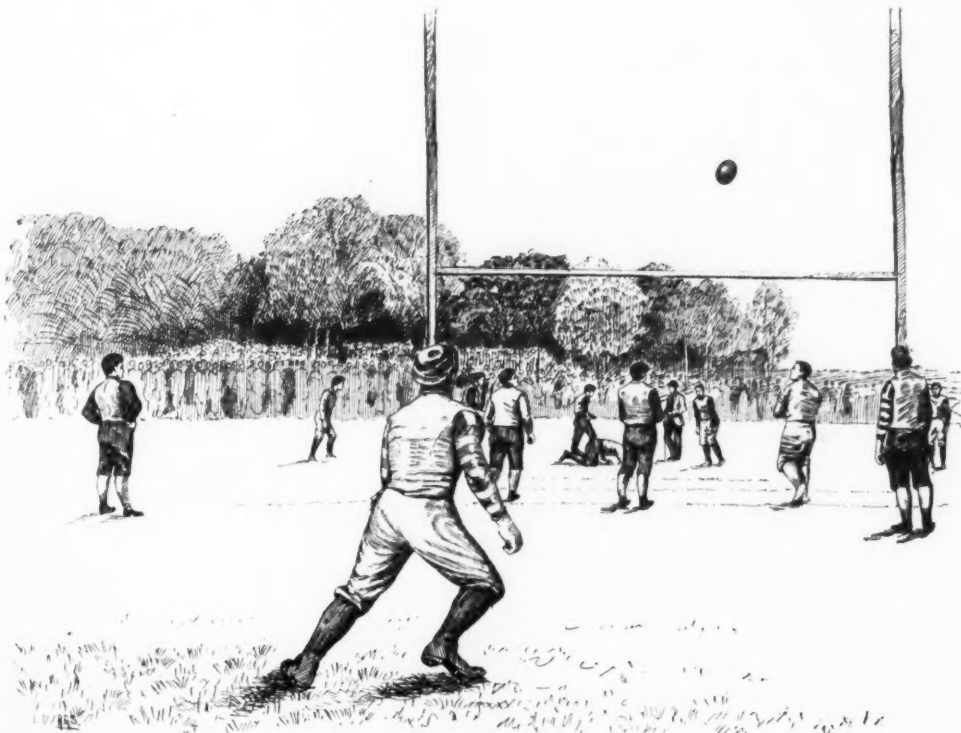
TRAINER ROBINSON PATCHING UP SPICER IN THE PRINCETON-UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA GAME.



HOLDING THE RUSH LINE.



TACKLING A RUNNER.



A GOAL.



THE PRINCETON ELEVEN.



A SCRAP ON THE ENDS.



WELL BLOCKED.

TURNING A RIVER.

A GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT AND ITS RESULT.

MINING is not a dead industry in California. It is, however, kept alive by the skill of the engineer in place of the hardy venturesomeness of the simple miner. The millions that were taken out of California in the early days came from the heavy nuggets, the rich drifts, and the easily-worked places; the millions that are now being taken out of it come from the deep-lying quartz ledges, from the scientifically conducted reduction works, and from the feats of technical engineers. One of the most remarkable of these feats—and it is doubtful whether it is not the most astonishing of all the undertakings by mining engineers that have been accomplished in California—is now being conducted just outside of the little town of Oroville, in Butte County. Perhaps I should say that it was being carried on there at the time of your correspondent's visit, October 19th, the operations being entirely dependent upon the rainy season, which may have come to California by the time this is printed.

The enterprise in question is that of deflecting the Feather River from its natural course, so that a portion of the bed of the stream may be laid bare and dry; that particular portion being supposed to be the richest three-quarters of a mile of river gorge in California, if not in the world.

Readers of Bret Harte and Prentice Mulford will remember the names of Bidwell's Bar, Long's Bar, Thompson's Flat, Plains of Bagdad, Cherokee, and Morris Ravine, all of which and many others are situated on or about the Feather River. The Feather River and its branches rise in the snows and high meadow lands of the Sierras and it reaches the Sacramento valley, after draining four thousand square miles of watershed, by a series of plunges over rocky precipices, of rushes through narrow defiles, and of dashes at mill-race speed through ravines which lie like clefts in these great granitic mountains. Into these clefts and ravines gold of an untold value has been washed by the hurrying waters of the Feather River. Bowlders, seamed through and through with the precious metal, have been ground in those enormous water mills, and otherwise inaccessible crevices have been washed out by the swirling stream.

What the man-miner could not do the river-miner has done, and no matter where the gravel bed of the Feather has been worked, the returns have been like the stories of the romancer.

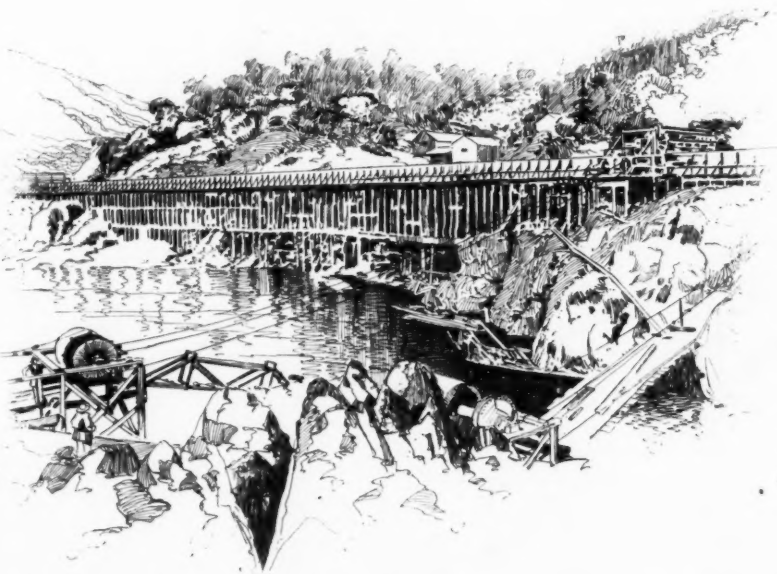
When the discovery of gold was made at Coloma in 1848, the news, soon reached the settlers—then purely pastoral—of what is now Butte County, and General Bidwell was among those who flocked to the mill-race that was destined to make California what she is. Bidwell was struck with the general similarity which existed in the color of the soil, gravel deposits, and general geological formation between the region about Coloma and that of Chico Vecino, which was where he had settled. Returning home, he organized an exploring expedition, and, provided with pick, shovel, and cradle, prospected for gold along the neighboring rivers. Rich deposits were found in and on the Feather River, near the junction of its middle and north forks, and there sprung up the settlement of Bidwell's Bar, very famous in the early history of California. The news of the riches of Bidwell's Bar traveled with equal swiftness to that of Marshall's discovery, and a flood of miners and adventurers swept over the mountains and through the valleys down to the bar until almost every foot of soil was occupied, dug over, and washed out. The few miles of river above Oroville were the most frequented, the population of the camps within this district being as high, in the old flush times, as eight or ten thousand.

It would only be a working over of familiar material to tell again the story of those swarming camps, and of the reckless, dare-devil, romantic life of the men who fought and risked their lives for each other, and who were paupers yesterday, princes to-day, and paupers again to-morrow. It will, however, be pertinent to give one or two examples of the richness of these old-time diggings. One man named John Morton washed out a pan of gravel on a certain summer's afternoon on the Cope claim, and from it took fifty-two ounces, or nearly \$900. From the same claim two hundred and fifty men lifted no less than a million dollars from the river-bed in forty-two days; one memorable day's work yielding one hundred and forty-two pounds of ore, worth \$36,000. At Long's Bar a miner named Henry Dixon took out \$163,000 from a little bowlder-strewn ravine; and from near by another man, named Bill Nichols, cleaned up \$100,000 in coarse gold in the late summer months of 1853. It may perhaps point a moral without particularly adorning the tale to state that Dixon now sweeps out a saloon in San Francisco, and that Nichols lost every cent's worth of dust in the gambling-tents that lay between his camp and Oroville, although the way of perdition was less than two miles. From Morris Ravine a cool million was washed out, and the legends of the miners run that from some single claims more than five times this amount has been taken. One man, after a two hours' nap, found the auger-holes of his riffle plugged with \$5,000 worth of gold, and even after lopping off the usual percentage, there is no doubt that it would be a conservative estimate that at least \$20,000,000 were produced annually from the mines along the Feather River near Oroville.

But the engineering problems of river mining grew each year more difficult of solution, until gradually the auriferous banks and beds were deserted. Though operations have been almost entirely suspended, however, the knowledge that the Feather is still a golden river has not died out. One of the spots over which the miner's finger has been most covetously crooked is the rocky

defile just below Long's Bar. This section of the river forms the last of the narrow cañons of the whole stream, and it is in these cañons, with their rocky beds forming natural riffles, that the gold which was constantly being washed into the main river from the smaller tributaries has been caught and retained. This last of the ravines has always been pointed out as the great rich pocket of the Feather, but the natural difficulties of getting its stored-up wealth from out of a pocket that is three-quarters of a mile long; that has within it a roaring stream confined by walls of rock fifty, sixty, and seventy feet high; and that is protected by a river that has an unpleasant trick of rising a few score feet after each rain in the mountains—the difficulties of picking this pocket always stood as an effective deterrent to the miner.

What the miner with his small appliances could not do, an English syndicate of rich believers, aided by Major Frank McLaughlin (erstwhile one of Edison's most trusted lieutenants), have succeeded in doing. The accompanying views and sketches graphically depict the plan that has been adopted, and really leave little to be told in the way of descriptive writing. A few explanations, however, are essential. Just at the spot where the river narrows down to the ravine there are two natural buttresses of rock, and it is between these that a big head-dam has been constructed. The dam is composed, as the picture shows,



METHOD OF PUMPING BY TRANSMISSION OF POWER FROM UNDERSHOT WHEELS IN MAIN FLUME.

of spiked and bolted timbers filled in with twenty thousand tons of rock; is fifty feet wide and eighty feet long at the base, and is thirty-two feet wide and one hundred and fifty feet long on the top. It is protected up-stream by an apron of solid timbers, and will be further protected on its upper lines by a slanting deck. Over this, it is expected, the rising waters of the stream will wash in the rainy season without disintegrating and tearing away the whole of the structure, the dam being further protected by a sub-dam built against its base down-stream, over which will be placed a second sloping deck to receive the fall of the water from above. While this head-dam was being constructed, a flume was built along the side of the ravine at an average height of fifty feet above the stream bed. This flume is sixty feet wide, five feet deep, and three-quarters of a mile long, the intention, of course, being to deflect the river into this flume and carry it to the end of the ravine, where the waters would fall back to their channel again. A waste-way was made in the head-dam to carry off the water during the construction of the flume, as shown in one of the illustrations. It will be understood that although the river has been really thus deflected, the bed of the stream did not immediately grow dry as soon as the waters were turned into the flume. Even when the last drop had run down stream by the natural channel, the bed was left as a succession of deep pools inclosed by rocks, the water in them being sometimes twenty or thirty feet deep. These pools of the bed were constantly receiving accessions from the seepage through the dam and the leaking of the main flume. A sub-flume was therefore made some twenty feet lower than the main flume, into which was pumped the water of the pools. To do this, undershot wheels were built over the main flume, and power transmitted across the ravine by ropes which worked what are known as Chinese pumps. By this means the pool waters were diminished at the rate of an inch a day, the sand and gravel at the bottom becoming visible on the day of my visit. Not a moment was lost then; sluice boxes were hastily put together, and mining was actually in progress two minutes after the water had been pumped out. What the result was, Major McLaughlin kept a secret to

himself, but a whisper went round that one bucketful of gravel had washed out \$60.

This is not the first time, by the bye, that an attempt has been made to get at the golden bottom facts of this Feather River ravine. Last year a dam and flume were constructed on the same principles and on about the same lines, the work costing something over a hundred thousand dollars. By the first week in October, 1889, everything was in readiness to begin the work of mining, when, on the 9th day of October, a severe and almost unprecedented storm swept over the Sierras. A log brought down from the mountains by the roaring river was carried into the flume like a runaway steamer, and tore away one hundred feet of the flume's side and a similar length of the flume floor to the width of ten feet. Such was the velocity of the waters that, notwithstanding this enormous rent, fully one half the stream kept on through the flume. To have opened the waste-way in the head-dam, and thus to have emptied the flume to permit of repairs, would have flooded the entire claim and carried away everything. To avoid this fatal "last resort," a novel and daring scheme was planned. Above the break, openings were made along the flume by tearing away the sides at such points that the escaping waters would fall on the high points of bed-rock without doing much damage. The water was turned through these openings by means of powerfully-constructed wing-dams, which were lowered into the flume by derricks and held in position by cables. Other contrivances were resorted to, but all labor and ingenuity were thrown away, for on the 18th of that month, the very day on which operations were to begin, a sudden flood came down, caused by the fearful storms in the mountains, and after the water rose so that it poured over the whole face of the dam to the depth of four feet, the structure gave way and was swept down the river.

The working of this ravine is known as the adventure of the Golden Gate River Mine, and is to be followed by a second and still more ambitious attempt to turn the Feather from its natural course. After leaving the gorge, the river flows into an extremely rocky and wild defile, but one that has a considerably wider bottom. It would be impossible to flume the river all along this portion of its course, so it has been decided to build an artificial bank which shall have on its right-hand side (going down stream) that portion of the stream-bed which is only covered at high water, and on its left-hand side that portion of the river-bed occupied by the river in its normal state. This artificial bank, which is now being constructed, will be nearly two miles in length, and will be made of concrete. When completed, the river on leaving the flume will be carried back of this concrete bank and conducted behind it to that point in the river where it is allowed once more to resume its native channel. The foot-dam which has already been built across the stream at the lower end of the gorge, close to the flume mouth, will join this artificial bank, and when the whole concrete wall is up, pumps will be set at work, and the pools drained until the river-bed here is dry.

The scene along the river is busy, as it used to be in the old mining days, but its character is entirely different. The works have more the appearance of some big railroad scheme. The workmen live in commodious houses of sawed timber, that are numbered like the leaves of a well-kept ledger; electric lights are up, and the close of day does not mean the close of labor. In fact, in the fight for gold, the irregular army has disappeared and the well-trained corps of sappers and miners has taken its place.

THOMAS J. VIVIAN.

[The above account was written on October 21st. On the first week in November the confidence of the projectors of this great enterprise was realized by a strike of pay gravel of immense richness. The water was drawn off from 3,000 yards of the river-bed, and upon "cleaning up" the gravel yielded gold in the greatest richness. Dispatches say it is hard to estimate the amount of wealth that will be lifted from the bed of the river, but the manager anticipates a yield of at least \$10,000,000.]



O.A.'S YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

A TRIP TO MONTAUK.

FOR twenty years a trip to Montauk had been talked of and planned, but it was not until September of this year that we were able to carry out our wishes. The road to Montauk, which is seventeen miles, as the crow flies, from Amagansett, L. I., leads directly through the main street of this village, whence we started, then presently turns to the right, and so out upon the "Highlands," which overlook the dreary wastes of Naplague Beach.

Naplague Beach consists of a long, low-lying stretch of sand dunes extending for five miles between the Highlands east of this village and the first heights of Montauk. Through the centre of this sandy common runs the high road, flanked on either side by the low sand dunes, with the ocean beyond them on the south and Gardiner's Bay on the north. Strange stories are told of this place. It is filled with bogs and morasses, and is the home of all sorts of reptiles. One crosses here after dark with great risk, as the road is very easily lost in the gloom, and pitfalls of every sort await one on either hand. Then, the pest of mosquitoes reaches here a height undreamed of even in New Jersey. It is said that they are breathed in with the air unless the traveler is protected by a netting from head to foot.

Having heard with ever-ready credulity all these stories, we looked out upon Naplague from the Highlands with many misgivings. Far in the distance beyond stretched the heights of Montauk, which we gazed upon with longing eyes—much as the travelers in "King Solomon's Mines" looked upon the mountains beyond the desert. With a sigh of foreboding the Highlands were left behind, and following the road down the hill, we were soon out upon Naplague.

Our first surprise upon Naplague was to find it peopled, as it had been pictured a howling wilderness without a human being or a human habitation in sight. Almost the first feature of interest to our eyes was some men binding and stacking hay cut from the small patches of land which grow the tall, coarse grass found near the ocean. Very rank and poor it looked, but it is only used for bedding cattle. Helping the men with their work was a woman in a bright blue gown and broad-brimmed straw hat, who lent a touch of color and almost a foreign air to the scene.

Another, and a charming surprise in Naplague, was the wealth of wild flowers growing on its borders, some of a variety unseen elsewhere. Bright pink, yellow, lilac, purple, and white, they shone on every side, backed by the glossy leaves of the scrub oak. An opinion began to form that poor Naplague had been much abused in description, an opinion confirmed upon coming in sight of a pretty little Queen Anne cottage perched upon a sand dune. Imagine the feeling of surprise which followed being told that this cottage was the Naplague Life Saving Station. It was then recalled that this is said to be the most dreary and desolate of all the posts upon the coast, and so the Government has endeavored to mitigate the miseries of service here.

The downs of Montauk are a huge pasturage, and hundreds of horses and cattle are put here to graze during the season, which lasts from June to November.

Passing through a gate and turning to the left, Naplague was left behind, and we began to mount the uplands of Montauk. On the left a large dense wood crowns the summit of the first hill. Taking the road to the right, instead of that to the left which runs through the wood, we skirted the summit of the bluffs overlooking the ocean. The view here was grand. The glistening white beach lay seventy or eighty feet below, while far to the south, east, and west stretched the ocean, the surf breaking in a long line of creamy billows on the shore and sending out tongues of white foam to lap up the silvery sands.

After luncheon and another halt on the bluffs, where the view was enhanced by the gleaming white sails of some vessels just risen above the horizon, we went winding down, between the hills, gradually losing sight of the ocean, our only view now the round brown hills about us, and the sky above. But soon those hills became dotted with grazing cattle, first singly, then in groups, then herds, and down in a hollow a drove of horses stood drinking from a pool.

Upon reaching the summit of the next high elevation an old gray house surrounded by out-buildings was described nestled in a hollow at the foot of the hills, with the ocean coming up almost to its door. This is called the "Half-Way House." It stands about midway in the Montauk lands. The road here took a sudden dip, and rounding a pond laden with water-lilies, we drove through a farm-yard and found ourselves at the door.

From this place, with our faces set toward the light-house on the Point, we pressed on, passing up a long, gently sloping hill, from the top of which were sighted the cottages of the Montauk Association, standing just upon the edge of the bluffs overlooking the ocean, all of them pretty and unique in design. To the left lay Fort Pond, famed for perch and black bass, and beyond the pond is Fort Pond Bay, where, it is said, ocean steamers are one day to drop anchor. When that day comes the fortunate ones who disembark there will surely be as much impressed with the first view of the New World as if landed in the famous bay at the west end of this island.

Up another hill, and then, from over the rolling downs to the east, flashed upon the eye a shining, white pillar—there was no mistaking it—Montauk Light! The road again approached the edge of the bluffs overhanging the ocean beach, here strewn with large boulders over which the spray threw high its feathery plumes. The ascents and descents became now more frequent and abrupt, with a sudden detour to round a promontory, and then out into a sort of cove behind the light-house, where lay a wrecked schooner high upon the rocks. Directly above and in front was the light-house, and after a short, sharp ascent, we were at the door.

The scene here was almost bold and grand in character, the light-house standing isolated from the downs upon a knoll which forms the Point. On three sides roars the ocean. The bluffs, here seventy feet in height, are strengthened and protected by great boulders lying at their feet and on

their faces. Over these rocks of a rich, ruddy hue boils the surf, forming little green pools around and behind them, then hiding all in a mass of foam.

The day was perfect for this view, which requires a clear atmosphere to show its greatest beauties. Directly ahead, eighteen miles out at sea, lay Block Island, its high cliffs shining like golden walls in the bright western light. To the northeast the shore of Rhode Island showed faint and blue, while due north the hills of Connecticut rise from the broad waters of the Sound. Out of that same wide expanse to the northwest loomed up Fisher's Island, and farther away, but still distinct, could be distinguished Plum, Little Plum, and Gardiner's islands. Looking toward the south the view over the ocean seemed limitless, the water blue and sparkling, and many white sails shining in the afternoon sun, while, near at hand, the little wrecked schooner in the cove lent a slight touch of sadness to the scene. The light-house, a shaft of stone and brick painted white, rears its height of sixty-five feet with such a new and lusty look that one is surprised when told it is nearly one hundred years old, and a smile follows the history of the light. It is a brilliant white flash-light, and was presented to the United States Government by the inventor, Fresnel. It lay for a long time in the Custom House while a dispute as to the duties upon it was argued out; the dispute being finally settled in some way satisfactory to some one, the light was put up in this light-house, from whence it has now been shining for thirty years over the darkling waters. It is still considered one of the best lights on the coast.

Being unable to find entertainment for the night, regretful looks were cast at the view, the light-house, and its keeper, which last seemed to return our lingering glances, and then back toward the western sun our ascents and descents trended. No points of interest unseen before brought themselves to notice on the backward way, with two exceptions. At one part of the road, taking a turn to the right untried before, a long stone wall was seen winding its length up and down the hills. Seemingly endless it was, but fact gives it three miles, reaching from Fort Pond Bay to Great Pond. It marks off the former reservation of the Montauk Indians, but alas! they, too, have sought the setting sun, having joined the Shinnecock Indians on their reservation farther west. Close by the road at this point rests a large rock of a curious saddle-like shape. This is called Pow-wow Rock, and here the Montauks are said to have met and talked over their affairs. Sad enough the drift of their remarks must have been!

Just beyond this rock the Half-Way House was gladly sighted, and in a short time we drew up at the porch to find that we were expected, and preparations had been made for our return. This house is the stopping-place for every one going to and returning from the Point, and one is surprised by the lively air pervading everything. The large yard is constantly filled with traveling parties on their way to or from the light-house or the Montauk Association, and their lively calls for food and drink resound at all hours of the day and night. The quaint old house lies in a hollow of the hill near the ocean, which almost reaches the road in front of the door, and at almost any time one is apt to see a party making for this haven from over the downs to the east or west.

As we sat after supper on the porch, in the rich gloom of a starlight night, a will-o'-the-wisp came floating over the hills from the west. Nearer and nearer it came, the glowing light rising and sinking over the inequalities of the land, reminding one of the light of a ship rising and falling with the waves. Suddenly a loud, clear blast from a horn rang out upon the silent air—then a rush was made for the side of the house, where men, boys, dogs, and ducks (who never seem to sleep) grouped themselves around the pump, the gate swung open, and, with a loud clatter, the Montauk stage rolled in; the will-o'-the-wisp seen from the porch becoming the lantern hanging between its fore-wheels.

The mail was handed out—large in receptacle, small in contents—one passenger alighted, some odd-looking parcels and

bundles were thrown to waiting hands, and then the horses were led to the trough. Meanwhile, on the long bench against the side of the house, gathered all hands to exchange the current gossip of these parts. What with the vernacular and the supremely local flavor of the items, a stranger here finds more of interest in the manner than the matter of these recitals. Although one curious fact was learned: A late visitor from Block Island informed the receptive audience that the natives of that bold shore are web-footed! He had examined hundreds of the insular extremities with that amazing result. Another weird item was the story of a lone fisherman, seen each evening just at sundown on Great Pond, who disappeared mysteriously whenever approached, and whom no one seemed to know. The strangest part of this tale was the statement, made by the nearest observer of the lonely one, that it was a woman! Possibly piscatorial mermaids are reviving on this romantic shore.

And so the talk went on, mixed with wreaths of smoke from many pipes, and a pungent odor of that variety of the weed loved of sailors filled the air.

And then out came he of the horn, who, with willing help, placed athwart the stage a long iron rod with hanging lantern at either end, for more light was necessary to finish his journey. The rod was fastened in place, the horses brought from the trough and buckled to; then, with a twirl of the whip and a skirl of the horn, they were off to finish their night some five miles farther on at the Association inn. Figures vanished in the darkness about the house and out-buildings, the dogs gave sleepy growls and sought their kennels; and we, too, were thinking of sleep, when another light came wandering over the hills—this time from the east. Without sound of horn or rattle of wheels it passed slowly along the road, and sought the western slopes. No charioteer this, but he who, with slow and steady tread, wanders up and down the shore o' winter nights with keen glance reaching far o'er watery waste, and ear attuned to cry of mariner's distress.

Then sleep came and claimed us for its own, and up the winding stair which pierced, gimlet-like, the centre of the old house, we mounted to eerie chamber with slanting roof and narrow window; and there dreamless slumber sealed the impressions of the day.

Next morning the early sunlight came dancing in through tiny eastern window, and those ever-wakeful ducks came calling loudly for their morning meal. That call struck sympathetic chords in other breasts, for Montauk air still filled our lungs. When other gaps were filled we took again our westward way, seeking this time the road through the wood, where bosky dells and silent groves prevailed with such enchanting beauty that we did not miss old ocean's solemn roar. So, back across Naplague, whose weary stretch had lost its novelty, and, with that, its charm. Therefore, the Highlands were attained with gratitude, and home beyond with thankful hearts.

J. K. D.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE Holiday number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, just out, is one of the most attractive holiday issues of this paper ever made. Its illustrations are supplied by well-known artists, and its literary contributors include Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Patience Stapleton, Charles H. Shinn, Mrs. Evelyn Raymond, Miss Sarah Frances Smith, T. P. Montfort, Ella Higginson, and C. F. Lummis, the latter of whom supplies a dialect poem which in pathos and power equals Bret Harte's best efforts. Among the illustrations is a strong double-page picture by Frank O. Small, of the first Puritan Christmas in Boston. Other artists contributing to this number are A. C. Redwood, B. West Cline-dinst, Miss G. A. Davis, M. Burns, W. L. Sheppard, A. S. Daggy, R. Epp, H. W. Whitaker, J. Carter Beard, and J. Becker.

This Christmas issue, which consists of thirty-six pages with a handsome cover, is a special number of FRANK LESLIE'S, and persons desiring it should send in their orders at once. Price, 25 cents per copy.



MONTAUK LIGHT.

QUINCY.

THE "GEM CITY" OF ILLINOIS.

THE city of Quincy, Illinois, is beautifully located on high bluffs overlooking the Mississippi River, about one hundred and sixty miles above St. Louis. At this point the river is over one mile wide, and makes a long sweep west. Quincy Bay is a fine body of water, and affords the best natural harbor on

the river. The country back of the city is rolling prairie of the most fertile character, and under a high state of cultivation, affording delightful drives in every direction. Quincy is well entitled to its name of the "Gem City," not only on account of its beautiful location, but as well by reason of its well-built business streets and the well-shaded, home-like character of its residence streets. Quincy has never been a city of booms but of steady, substantial growth for over sixty years, since its first settlement in 1824. This has given it more the substantial, well-built air of an Eastern city than is often found in the West.

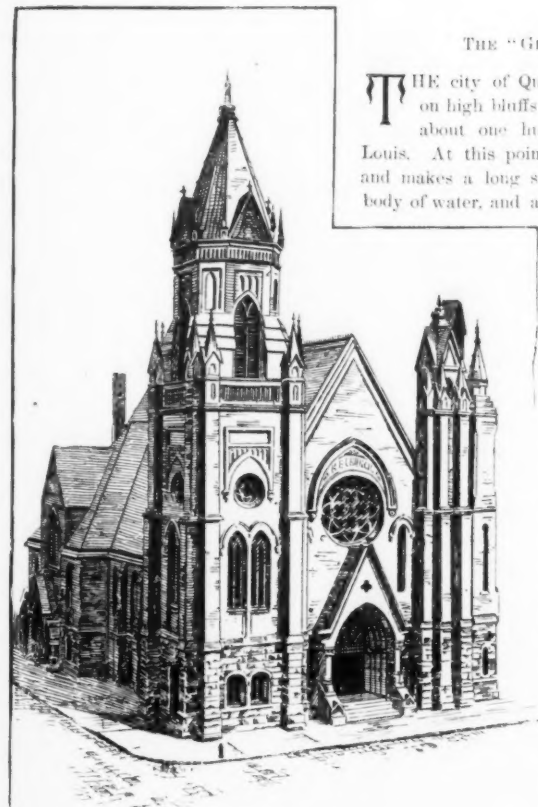
The city had a period of depression a few years ago, partly owing to having issued bonds, like other Western cities, for railroads, and partly caused by

Quincy enjoys a good commercial business, both wholesale and retail, but its prosperity largely depends on its manufacturing interests. In this respect its growth has been remarkable, and it is now the largest manufacturing centre in the State, outside of Chicago, employing over 5,000 men in its various factories. The five stove foundries place Quincy, in quantity of output of stoves, the third city in the United States, the product of the city foundries being only exceeded by Detroit and St. Louis. In tobacco it also has a very extended business. Five large breweries ship Quincy beer all over the country south and west. In wagons, carriages, and agricultural implements, the trade of Quincy is very extensive, and the chances are that a traveler going from the station to his hotel in any city south or west of Quincy will ride in a Quincy omnibus; indeed, in these lines the reputation of Quincy is so well established that, in competition with the whole country, a Quincy firm got the contract for the famous Blue Line of "busses" which are used on Fifth Avenue, New York. The lumber business of the city is large, embracing planing-mills, sash and door factories, etc. One saw-mill is the largest on the river below La Crosse. The city has numerous flour-mills; one, the Gem City, is the largest in the State, making over 1,200 barrels of flour daily. Paper and straw board are extensively manufactured here. Several large establishments manufacture boilers, steam-engines, and other machinery. Steam governors exceed all others in the country. The manufacturing of show cases and interior finish has already grown to very large proportions. The branches of manufacturing carried on in Quincy could be almost indefinitely extended. There are already in operation over three hundred establishments, manufacturing over one hundred different kinds of product, and new factories are constantly being added.

We quote from the folder of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad: "More West with your Manufacture." Profit on manufacturing in the Eastern States is small. Profit on agriculture in the West is small. The two producers are too far apart. Nearly every manufactory in the West is doing an ever-increasing and profitable business. The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company has already established on its line a large number of prosperous manufacturing enterprises, and desires to increase the number, to the end that the population it serves may increase, and that its unsurpassed transportation facilities may be utilized to their fullest extent."



FOURTH STREET LOOKING NORTH TOWARD MAINE.



VERMONT STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

the more rapid growth of cities further West drawing away the young men, but the last few years have worked a marked change in this. By careful and judicious management of the city's finances the credit of the city has become so high that its refunding four and one-half per cent. bonds sold at a premium last winter, and were all taken by a home bank. While, owing to the basis of assessment for taxation in Illinois, the rate of taxation seems high, it is really low, not exceeding one per cent. on real values. By the last census the population is nearly 32,000, and would be much larger if the corporate limits of the city were as extended as is usual in the case of cities of the same class. The corporate limits cover only five square miles, and some thickly inhabited streets extend beyond the city limits.

But the most important growth of the city during the last decade has been in improvements, business, and wealth. The census of this year shows that the increase in assessed valuation of property has been greater in Adams County than in most of the counties of Illinois, and this increase has been mainly in the city of Quincy.

The records of the transportation companies centering in Quincy show that the tonnage of freight in and out of Quincy, with Quincy as the initial point, has more than doubled in the last four years, at which time accurate data were first obtained by the Young Men's Business Association, with the view of encouraging increased manufacturing in Quincy. This increase of business is mainly the result of the increased manufacturing business of the city since that time, though it is becoming more and more each year the commercial centre and market of the surrounding country. This must continue to increase when it is fully recognized that the very site of the city, practically at the head of deep-water navigation on the Mississippi, and at the extreme limit of the broad westerly sweep of the river, placing the city fully fifty miles west of St. Louis, makes it the natural commercial centre of northeastern Missouri as well as of western Illinois.

The country within seventy-five miles of Quincy and directly tributary to it already has a population of over one million. The filling up of this country must increase the growth of Quincy. The population and business of Quincy are already greater than any other point on the Mississippi River between St. Louis and St. Paul. There is no other city so large within one hundred miles east, or between it and the Missouri River on the west; located near the centre of this vast territory, over six hundred miles long and three hundred miles wide, with the natural advantages and facilities described and the start already secured, it would seem to require only continued energy and enterprise to make Quincy not simply a manufacturing city and local trade centre, but a great commercial metropolis.

The city has an excellent system of water-works, and within the last two years other public improvements have been inaugurated, and are now being rapidly completed. Several miles of street paving have been put down each year, and the sewerage system has been finished in the central portion of the city, and is being rapidly extended. A beautiful city hall is now being erected. Quincy has over thirty church edifices, all of brick or stone, and many of them fine churchly structures. The traveler visiting the city will find numerous well-equipped hotels, but the citizens of Quincy are justly proud of their elegant new hotel, the Newcomb. This hotel was completed a year ago, and in its exterior appearance compares favorably with the best hotels in the larger cities; in its interior arrangements it is a model of comfort and convenience. It is heated by steam, with elevators and all other modern conveniences. The proprietors, Messrs. Snelling & Tuttle, are most attentive landlords, and the cuisine is unexcelled. Eastern people can find no more pleasant place for an outing than Quincy, with headquarters at this hotel.



SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME.



THE NEWCOMB HOTEL.

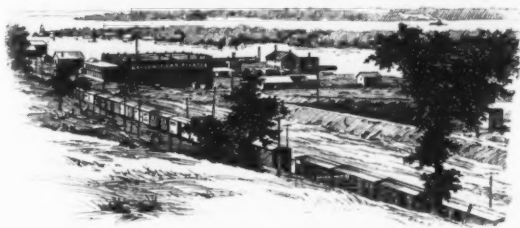
ready successfully inaugurated, but this branch of manufacturing would afford an almost unlimited field for Eastern skill and capital. Above all, the stranger visiting Quincy finds a hospitable, whole-souled people, who will make any one desiring it feel at home at once. The social and educational advantages are as good as can be found anywhere.

Among the many enterprising citizens of Quincy, there is no one who has been more prominent in bringing about the present prosperity of the city than Mr. R. F. Newcomb. His name is associated with numerous successful private enterprises and many public improvements, and the benefit of his sagacity and business judgment is often sought. He is an enthusiastic believer in the future of Quincy. While his varied businesses require his absence from the city a large portion of the time, he is always ready to give his time to any enterprise for the building-up of the city, or to give to any one desiring it information in regard to Quincy. The Young Men's Business Association is an active organization of business men, and any one desiring information is always welcome, and will receive every attention by calling at the rooms of the association, or by letter addressed to James Handley, the secretary of the association.



NEW CITY HALL BUILDING.

VIEWS IN QUINCY, THE "GEM CITY" OF ILLINOIS.



QUINCY BAY.



ADAMS COUNTY COURT-HOUSE.



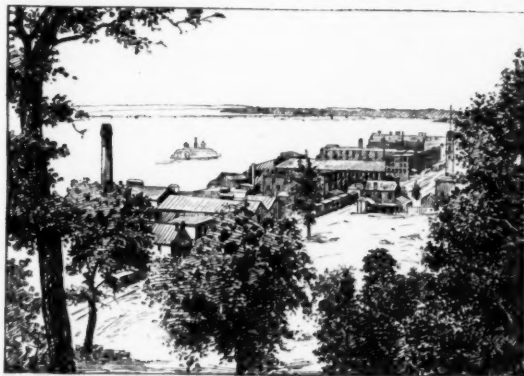
IN WASHINGTON PARK.



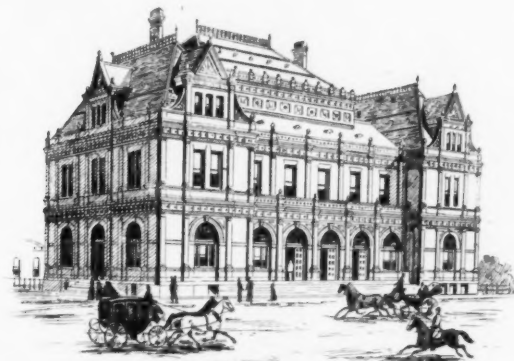
INTERIOR OF ST. FRANCIS'S CHURCH.



HAMPSHIRE STREET LOOKING EAST FROM THIRD.



VIEW FROM WOODLAND CEMETERY.



NEW FEDERAL BUILDING.



VIEW ON THIRD STREET.



THE LEVEE.



MAIN STREET EAST FROM FOURTH.



INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.



A POTTERY STAND.

SAN ANTONIO, A FAVORITE WINTER RESORT.

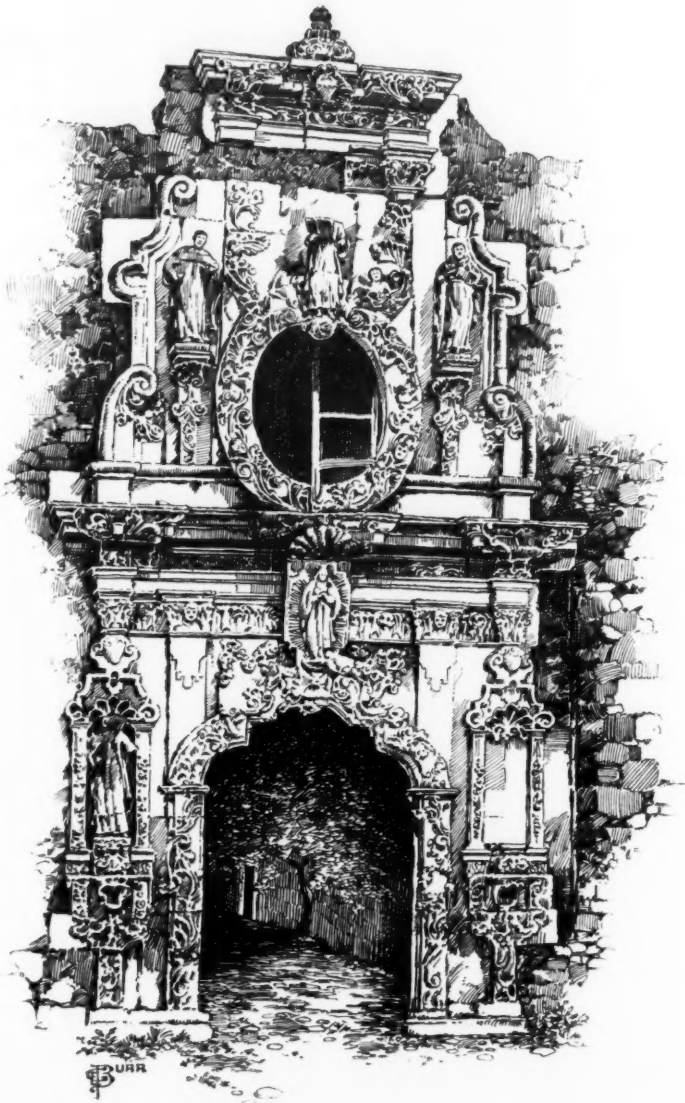
WITHIN a few years a wonderful impetus has been given to the tide of winter visitors to the South, and particularly of late years to Texas. A distinguished physician has said that in all his travels he had never found a place more suitable for winter residence than San Antonio in Texas. It is the largest city in the State, located in what is called "The Health Belt of the South," and has an elevation which gives it excellent drainage. It has, moreover, that most important of all conditions—a plentiful supply of pure spring water.

Aside from the historical association which must forever make this city specially interesting, it has advantages in a social, educational, and literary way possessed by few cities of the South. It is the military headquarters of the Department of State, and therefore is the home of the brevet major-general (who is in command) and of a large number of army officers who lend not a little to the sparkle of society. It has a prosperous club, streets

PROFESSOR KOCH DESCRIBED.

THE most conspicuous and interesting figure in the scientific circles of Europe just now is Professor Koch, the father of the modern science of bacteriology, and the discoverer of the cure for consumption. Professor Koch is described as small in stature, not more than five feet five inches in height, but sturdily built. His hair is turning gray. His features are distinctly commonplace. His eyes, once wonderfully sharp and penetrating, were formerly his strong feature. They were gray, large, and luminous; but hours of microscopic work daily, through a long series of years, have robbed them of their brightness as well

as much of their charm and power. He must now wear at all times triplex glasses of great power, which disfigure his appearance, and give him the particularly stern, uncompromising look which at first half frightens his patients to death, then inspires them with confidence, and finally with hero-worshiping idolatry. Owing to his arduous labors his complexion has become stale and his skin dry as parchment. Even his assistants, who see him every day, are astounded and full of anxious forebodings, to which this change gives rise. They whisper to one another that the professor will have to spare himself more, and, in fact, several of them believe that during the last six months the professor has lived so constantly in an atmos-



A DOORWAY, SAN JOSE.



A BIT IN THE SUBURBS.

well paved, an excellent system of sewerage, hotels with abundant accommodations, most delightful suburbs, and a people noted for their profuse and boundless hospitality.

Here can be found in mid-winter a climate mild, balmy and delightful, and an atmosphere redolent with perfume. Bright skies and attractive walks and drives unite to attract the invalid. There are many grand spots in and out of the city. The old Missions, beautiful remnants of architectural extravagance, are near at hand, and the visitor finds a few months' stay there far from tedious.

Furthermore, San Antonio is within ready reach from the North, and particularly from the West. It is scarcely two and a half days from New York City, and palatial trains with all the accommodations of the finest coaches make the journey as pleasant as it is short. Physicians who have visited San Antonio and enjoyed its delicious mid-winter climate commend it to all who need plenty of air and sunshine. The atmosphere is pure, dry, and bracing; the temperature is equable and moderate; snow is seldom seen, and sunshine is seldom absent. San Antonio, by its wonderful progress as a business, industrial, and railroad centre, has attracted thousands of visitors within the past year or two; but as a health resort it stands equally prominent for its abundant and constantly increasing attractions. Our artist presents several attractive illustrations of some of the interesting points in the city.

phere impregnated with tubercular bacilli, that finally his lungs have been attacked also. A correspondent writes that the professor's manner is modest and shrinking, and that he avoids all personal mention of himself in relating the story of his unique medical discovery. The patients in the Charité and the private clinics worship him like a god. When he appears in their wards he is hailed as a deliverer. The doors of his laboratory open to all properly accredited students from all countries.

The Berlin municipal authorities have allotted temporarily to the professor five buildings to enable him to carry on his experiments looking to the discovery of a cure for infectious diseases, such as scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, and typhus fever. Professor Koch will also carry on his investigations into the nature and cure of cancer in these buildings. There will be accommodations for one hundred and fifty patients in the temporary hospital.



REAR OF SECOND MISSION.

SAN ANTONIO AND ITS ATTRACTIONS AS A WINTER RESORT.

WALL STREET.—WEATHERING
THE GALE.

MONEY is tight, and will be tight for many days to come. The condition of finances England and all over Europe is much easier in than it has been, but I still fear the possibility of an extensive liquidation in Berlin following that at London, and it is easy to see that if our exports continue to grow and our imports to diminish, we may draw upon the gold reserves of the Bank of England, and thus once more force its rate of discount upward and create a second, although much less destructive scare than that of the past few weeks.

While a multitude of investors have, within a fortnight, come into Wall Street and purchased odd lots of stocks and bonds, it is also a fact that some of the wealthiest operators (including some of the big bears) have also filled their strong-boxes with gilt-edged securities. Many holders of excellent bonds have put them upon the market and turned the proceeds into low-priced stocks, expecting to reap a profit extending all the way from thirty to one hundred per cent. The advice I gave my readers to pick up low-priced, dividend-paying stocks (if it has been followed) has made some of them considerably better off than they were. For instance, those who picked up Chicago Gas at from 32 to 35 now find themselves with a four-per-cent. security marketable at a handsome profit. The steadiness of the bonds which I have specially recommended will also be noticeable. Among others, the Rio Grande and Western, the purchase of which I advised at about 72, has held near that price throughout the trouble, varying hardly more than two or three points at the very lowest ebb of the market. The M., K. and T.'s have also been strong. The Peoria and Easterns have dropped away; but considering the, at least partial, guarantee of the Vanderbilts (which they have), they are cheap anywhere along 80, and even under 85. Ohio Southern, a fair four-per-cent. bond, somewhat speculative, dropped down to nearly 40, and I know that large lots were gobbled up by men who saw in them the chances for a splendid turn. Excellent investments of the best kind can now be had in the bond market.

However, the whole market has been a bargain. One of the most careful men on Wall Street said to me, when I asked him during the panic what a man should buy who had money to pay for it, "Anything! Anything on the whole list of stocks and bonds, bought at these prices, will surely bring handsome profits."

The market will have its slumps. Those who have bought at present prices will, no doubt, have opportunities to realize a good profit, and then to re-purchase. But the safest way for one who picks up a stock at a low price is to hang on to it until a handsome profit can be realized. This is investing. Buying and selling is speculating.

These have been "bargain-days" in Wall Street. There is a time to buy in the stock market as in every other market. That time was when every one anticipated a crash; when every one wanted to sell and few wanted to buy; when many were compelled to unload all they had at any sacrifice. It is clear that the prices of many stocks are still very low, and by making a judicious selection of almost any dividend payer and of almost any active low-priced stock, buying and paying for it, handsome profits will be realized before the 1st of April next. I know it has been said that the market has been rising too fast, and that a reaction is inevitable. That is true. Let my readers who have not yet made investments buy on the reactions, buying only what they can pay for, and buying judiciously.

The special good that has come out of the recent experience of Wall Street lies in the fact that it will put an end, for a time at least, to speculative railway and other schemes; that it will lead to more general conservatism. Better than all, it promises ultimately to help to settle several contentions that have stood in the way of an amicable agreement between the great railroad systems of the United States.

Mr. Jay Gould, whose action regarding Wall Street affairs of late has been criticised, has followed out precisely the course that I predicted, and I think he was justified in holding the whip over some of the recalcitrants who mismanaged great properties, refusing to enter into any alliance that would lead to the peaceful settlement of railroad difficulties, the adjustment of rates, and a fair and reasonable division of earnings. Mr. Gould, aided by a skillful, adroit, and active lieutenant in the person of his eldest son, George J., a young man whose future career in Wall Street henceforth will be watched with special interest, has taught his personal and financial enemies a lesson they will long remem-

ber. Some of the master minds in Pacific Mail and Union Pacific who set themselves in opposition to the Goulds have been compelled to recognize his power and to yield to the inevitable. Perhaps a lesson will be taught to some of the managers of Western railway securities, including the Rock Island and the Alton. At all events, Mr. Gould is to be credited with having achieved the first successful steps toward securing a satisfactory pooling arrangement. Of course the Interstate Commerce act stands as a barrier between a convenient and ready pooling system; but a way will be found lawfully to evade its provisions or to secure the agreement of the roads without a violation of the ridiculous and injurious Interstate Commerce act.

The great fear I entertain regarding this market lies in the fact that there may be, and probably are, some weak spots in it. The failure of Edward Brandon, for a very large amount, resulting from his heavy investments in Nickel Plate securities and in the Oregon Improvement Company, dropped the prices of these securities with amazing rapidity, and to an abnormally low figure. Everybody who had them naturally suffered. Are there not some other men, reputed to be wealthy, but loaded with a single security, and who may be in like danger;—who are holding out against a tremendous strain, but who will, eventually, in view of the tight money market, be compelled to give way? Suppose that a break comes in the Reading syndicate? What a tumble it might cause in the market under adverse conditions! I am not sure that all the weak spots are strengthened, or can be strengthened within the next thirty days. This is the danger, and this is why I say that there may, and probably will, be serious slumps; but I anticipate nothing quite so bad as the result of the Barings' failure.

A correspondent at St. Louis asks if I think Missouri Pacific is a purchase at present figures. I am told by those who know a great deal about this property that it is a good four-per-cent. security. I recollect when it was selling at 115 and said to be earning twelve per cent. or fifteen per cent. That was untrue, and when the stock broke it fell rapidly to below par. Yet I remember that once before, when it sold in the neighborhood of 65, Mr. Gould personally told his friends to buy it. They bought it and made money. I cannot advise purchases at present prices, because the market is still subject to slumps, but I would not give one share of Missouri Pacific at quoted rates for three of Santa Fé.

A Minneapolis correspondent writes to know if I do not think there is more money on the short than the long side of the market. I can't say that I do. A short interest is a thing that leading bulls depend upon to give the market a lift every now and then. The short interest, of late, has been very large, and if nothing changes the complexion of things there will be a sudden movement (such as Jay Gould might inspire) to drive the shorts to cover, temporarily at least.

A correspondent at Philadelphia wants to know if I can suggest some good low-priced investment and speculative bonds. I think one of the best low-priced bonds is the Rio Grande and Western 4's, selling at present at about 72. The Rio Grande and Western stock, selling at between 40 and 50, bids fair to pay five per cent. dividends within a year, and a good deal of it has been put away with an expectation of a fifty per cent. rise within twelve months. Of speculative bonds, I think that perhaps the cheapest are the Texas Incomes, selling at less than 35, which are expected to pay interest within two years. Another very low-priced bond of the speculative class is the Second Income issue of the St. Louis, Arkansas, and Texas Railroad, which has been selling at about 22 or 23, while some of the millionaire operators on the Street, I know, bought them a few months ago, and thought them low at nearly 35.

Among the low-priced stocks that pay dividends I have neglected to mention Wheeling preferred, which pays four per cent. at present, and has paid, I think, twelve dividends. Around 70, I believe this to be a very good investment, for I hear from sources that I consider perfectly reliable that developments calculated to advance this stock may be expected early next year.

Sugar Trust is meeting its natural fate. Keep your eye on it. When the inside of this thing is shown up, as it will be shortly, all that I have said against it will be appreciated. I advise my readers not to purchase either Sugar Trust or Illinois Central at prevailing prices.

Jasper

SPECIAL FOOD FOR BRAIN AND NERVES.
CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

PREPARED ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF PROFESSOR PERCY.
From the Vital principle of the Brain of the Ox and the Embryo of the Wheat and Oat.
For more than twenty years Physicians have used and recommended this Brain principle, as the best restorer of vigor and impaired vitality. Thousands of the world's best Brain workers, college students, and those engaged in athletic sports, have maintained their bodily and mental activity by its use.
It is not a "Patent Medicine"; the formula is on every label.
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LADIES' COWNS
TO ORDER.

Brides' and Bridesmaids' DRESSES
A SPECIAL FEATURE.

ORIGINAL CONCEPTIONS
Furnished for Gowns to be worn
at all the Leading Society
Events.

EMILE ZOLA has almost lost his eyesight. Perhaps he will not be able to see so many nasty things to write about in future.—*Philadelphia Press.*

1850 AND 1890.

TO-DAY Robert Bonner's Sons keep up with modern times, and publish a paper second to none. The *Ledger* now presents a dress embracing all of the newest improvements available for newspaper production at the present time. To thoroughly appreciate the worth of this journal our subscribers should avail themselves of their offer published in this paper of "Three Weeks for Ten Cents," and in this way make themselves thoroughly acquainted as to what constitutes the modern New York *Ledger*.

THE Corsicana Ice Company, of Corsicana, Texas, which is now nearing the close of its second season, and making $7\frac{1}{2}$ tons of excellent ice daily, with an average of only 2,600 pounds of cheap nut coal, is one of the most economical manufacturers of ice on record. The proprietors attribute the great saving and success of their plant to the superiority of the "Hercules" machine used, which is manufactured by the Hercules Iron Works, of Chicago.

WHEN Dr. Koch discovers a method of curing the cigarette habit by vaccination the world will begin to raise monuments in his honor.

FINANCIAL.

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THE GREAT WICHITA VALLEY,
Northwest Texas.
We have for sale wheat lands of best quality in tracts of 40 acres and upward along the line of the Wichita Valley Railway, now under construction. One year's product will pay whole cost of these lands. The railway will be completed July 15th, 1891. Apply to agent, Wichita Colony, at the new town of Dundee, in Archer County, or at Wichita Falls, Texas.
WM. F. SUMMERVILLE, 508 Main St., Fort Worth.

W. J. SCOUTT,
ROOM 128, TIMES BUILDING,
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Investments in Kearney, Nebraska, and
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WEST SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN.
Investments pay 10 to 20 per cent. profit annually. Send for maps, circulars, and information. If you have money to loan, we can make it net you 7 per cent. per annum. F. N. LANG & Co., Financial Agents.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
OPTION BOND FOR A WARRANTY DEED.

THE ALGERIA HEIGHTS CO. (Limited) will upon presentation at their office issue you a WARRANTY DEED (at expense of Five Dollars Each), of one or more Business or Cottage Lots, containing not less than 3,125 square feet, in Algeria Heights, Ocean County, New Jersey.

There are no obligations, either expressed or implied, that you occupy, improve or build upon the property except at your convenience.

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HAT Uncle Sam and Aunt Columbia think, etc., of
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Eckman, Llewellyn & Co.,
Seattle, Wash.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS.
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE
AUTOGRAF OF
OF
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN



IT TAKES VIGOR AND BACK BONE TO GO AGAINST THE TIDE.
THE SICK MAN IS SELDOM THE SUCCESSFUL MAN. THE POINT IS: GET WELL AND KEEP WELL THIS CAN BE DONE; HERE'S A NATURAL WAY: INHALE NATURE'S VITALIZER—OXYGEN. NOT THE AMOUNT WHICH YOU GET IN ORDINARY BREATHING BUT A CONDENSATION OF IT. THIS IS FOUND IN COMPOUND OXYGEN. THIS POWERFUL REMEDIAL AGENT IS NOT ONLY AN INCREASE OVER THE NORMAL SUPPLY, BUT IT IS VITALIZED BY CHARGES OF ELECTRICITY. IT MAKES STRENGTH AND MAINTAINS IT. THE BEST FEATURE OF VITALITY GAINED IN THIS WAY IS THAT IT REMAINS AFTER THE USE OF COMPOUND OXYGEN IS DISCONTINUED.

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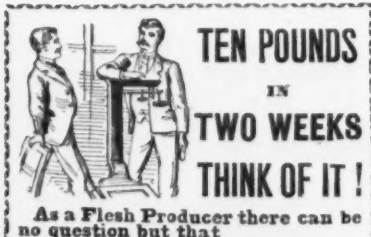
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- (1) **Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's** new serial, "The Beads of Tasmer." Mrs. Barr is the author of that most successful serial, "Friend Olivia," just completed in *The Century*; but hereafter Mrs. Barr will write exclusively for *The New York Ledger*.
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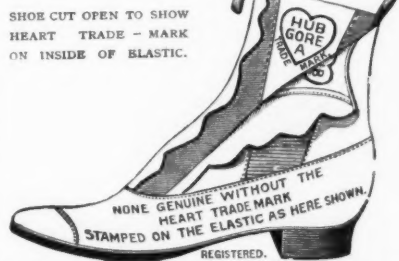
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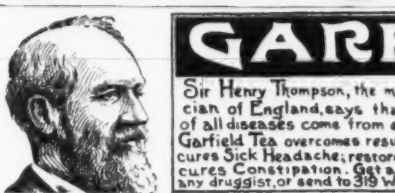
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The contests will close December 1st, 1890, and the prizes will be awarded as soon thereafter as possible. All entries in the contests must be received by us before December 1st.
No restriction is made as to the number of photographs sent in by any one contestant, nor as to date or time of taking them, excepting that photographs which have been entered in our first contest cannot be received in the present competition.
The photographs must be sent in mounted and finished complete, and must in all cases, when forwarded by mail or express, be fully prepaid, otherwise they are liable to rejection.
The size of the photograph can be as large or as small as the judgment of the contestant may dictate.
The subject of the photograph may be scenery, figures (animate or inanimate), architecture (exterior or interior views), or any object which the contestant may choose.

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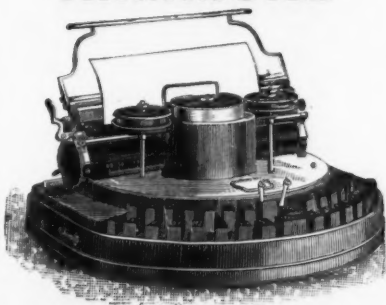
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Lecturer on Health and Physiology under the "Combe Trust;"
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